# American Girl

MAY

For All Girls Published by the Girl Scoute

1944





## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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For biographical note, see page 42

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## AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, LIX

WHISTLING BOY painted by FRANK DUVENECK

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD . EDITOR

MAY . 1944



Beginning a new serial in which Martha Bristow takes a journey, meets some interesting strangers, has a fright, and stumbles on a clue to a sinister mystery

THE old day coach swerved crazily around an inlet of the lake shore, tilting the rickety ventilator above me and sending a rusty, ice-cold trickle of rain right down inside the collar of my new karakul coat. "This," I thought grimly, "is what is known as the last straw!"

It was bad enough, after Dad and I had planned such a marvelous Easter week in the country together, that I should be taking this long dreary trip alone. Any girl who has a doctor for a father knows that she can get him away for a holiday just about once in a blue moon. But this time everything seemed to be going so smoothly. I'd talked Miss Spicer into letting me out of school two days before the spring vacation really started, I'd taken an early commuters' train in from Larchmont, and had met Dad in ample time for the Montrealer-and then, right there in the New York station, Dad had announced that he couldn't go! The old story—patients. But war-wounded, this time, so I

tried not to let him know how bitterly I was disappointed. A new lot out in the Marine Hospital on Staten Island," Dad had said. "And they want me to supervise the Baker-Vollmer injections. That means I'll be right on the job until some time Saturday. Then I can take the night train and be with you Sun-

day morning.

Sunday! And this was Tuesday.
"You mean," I asked, "that you'd rather have me spend five

whole days of my vacation up there without you?

Well, yes, Dad said, he would. It would be dull for me if I stayed in our New York apartment. Cousin Elly and Uncle Simm had set their hearts on seeing me—I hadn't been up to the Lake Champlain farm since Mother died, and Uncle Simm was getting pretty old and feeble now. But, of course, if I felt frightened at taking the trip alone-

"Oh, you needn't worry about me, Dad," I interrupted. "I'm practically grown-up. Just remember that I've passed my six-

teenth birthday.'

By RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN



WAS GLAD ENOUGH TO TAKE DOCTOR MEADOWS'S HELPING HAND

Dad smiled that wonderful smile of his that makes you forget the tired wrinkles around his eyes. "Atta girl," he said. "You'll be up there by five this afternoon. I've wired Elly, so she'll be sure to meet you. There's the gate opening now. Come along, Chickadee.

And here I was at ten o'clock at night, still traveling! We had run into a lashing rainstorm below Albany, had crawled at a snail's pace over washed-out tracks as far as Saratoga-at which point the parlor car I was in had developed a hot box and had been replaced by this ancient relic, a study in varnished cherry wood and gritty plush.

The conductor came over to my seat and slammed the transom shut. "March is goin' out like a lion," he said chattily. "May clear up before you get to Boquet. Folks meetin' you there?'

"I'm not sure," I said. "It's so late. But I suppose I can get a taxi in the town.'

'Town, huh?" he chuckled. "Nothin' there but two whoops and a holler. Tell you what, though. Doc Meadows, that tall feller two seats ahead, is gettin' out at Boquet, too. I'll ask him to look after you. Nice guy, the Doc. He'll be glad to."

'Oh, please don't bother," I began, but he had already started up the aisle and was speaking to the big, gray-eyed man whose long-swinging stride I had noticed when he boarded the train at Saratoga. He was dressed like a workman in a rough, brown plaid mackinaw and shabby covert riding breeches, but his highlaced boots and the wide-brimmed hat he tossed into the rack above him gave him more the air of a sportsman returning to some hunting lodge on the lake. He sat facing me; in repose his lean, tanned face looked somewhat stern, but when the conductor had come through for tickets, his drawled, "Hi, Fred!" and the smile with which he gave over a small leather folder for examination, had been surprisingly cultured and pleasant.

I saw him and in my direction now, and somehow those steady eyes gave me a feeling of security. So I stopped worrying and shut my own eyes, resolving to forget the rain and darkness and general dreariness outside. The next thing I knew a deep voice roused me with, "We're pulling into Boquet, Miss," and I woke with a start to see the tall man in the brown jacket reaching up

for my bag.

The next few minutes were a scramble. I had barely time to fasten my coat and dash for the back platform in the wake of those long strides, and I was glad enough to take Dr. Meadows's helping hand, for the steps were icy and the soggy wooden platform of the little station was lighted only by the feeblest of

This way," said my guide, and I followed him meekly. A look around the murky waiting room revealed no one except a baggageman, yawning behind his barred window like a tiger in

"Yrrh," he growled, then peered curiously at us from beneath a green eye-shade. "Wal, Doc!" he sang out. "Goin' up with Jay?"

Dr. Meadows nodded. "Thought I would."

"Uh-huh. That's him now, I guess."

A clatter sounded outside, and I stepped over to the window to look out into the clearing night. As I leaned forward to cup my hands against the glass, I saw with a thrill of terror that they framed another pair of eyes—the eyes of someone gazing in from the outer darkness. Villainous eyes they were, too, glaring directly into mine. I caught a glimpse of broken teeth bared in a sardonic grin below a straggling gray moustache—and then the face was gone. All in a breath it happened, but it "struck me all of a tremble," as my old nurse, Sally, used to say.

I turned back to call to Dr. Meadows, but the snorting arrival of a decrepit old car before the station door made speech impossible, and in a second I was able to laugh shakily at my fear. "Just the village idiot on the prowl," I told myself, but I was mighty glad I wasn't alone in this outlandish place.

A grizzled old man-the driver of the car evidently-hurried in to warm his reddened hands at the potbellied iron stove. "You

Martha Bristow?" he inquired. "Thought ye was. Elly Fairfield said you'd be here likely. Seems she druv over to meet the train at five, and her old hoss, Perfection, can't make the trip twice in one day-or thinks he can't-so she gave in to him, as usual, and asked me to bring you out."

"Perfection!" I marveled.

"Is he still alive?"

"If you could call it that," he snickered. "He still eats, so I figger he must be. Well, I hafta pick up the mail fer Essex, anyway, so I told Elly okey-dokey. You're comin' along, too, ain't ye, Doc?

Yes. I'll put Miss Bristow into the car, and then give you

a hand, Jay."
"Thanks," I broke in promptly, "but I'll wait right here until you're ready." And wait I did until Jay's shrill whistle summoned me. I had no desire to encounter that evil face out there in the dark alone! And when I stepped out on the platform beside which Jay's jalopy waited, doing a little St. Vitus dance of its own, I could see how a prowler might easily

have crept up onto the landing stage, crouched to stare through the window, and then have dropped quickly down to the ground and made off unobserved except for that brief glimpse I'd had of him. The night, even though the rain had stopped, was pitchy black; the few buildings of the hamlet were shapeless blurs, distinguishable only by a pallid lamplit window here and there.

Dr. Meadows established me in the rear seat of the car and clambered in beside me; our driver nimbly took his place behind the wheel, and off we splashed along a winding, muddy road that led, Dr. Meadows explained, to the town of Essex on the lake shore.

We turn north onto the lake road after we leave the town," he said, and the Fairfield place is three miles farther on. Mind

if I smoke?"

"Not at all," I said, and he pulled a far from fragrant meerschaum from his pocket, scratched a match on the sole of his boot and lit up, the tiny flame throwing a rosy glow on his deft, long-fingered hands.

He puffed away for a minute, then turned to me. "What was it," he asked, "that frightened you when you looked out the

station window?

The question startled me, but I laughed, "You don't miss much, do vou?

"No. But please tell me. I'd like to know."

"I'm not sure," I faltered, "whether it was just the village idiot, or something worth being scared about." And then I described the staring face.

"Bad teeth, straggling gray moustache," Dr. Meadows repeated. "Notice what sort of clothes the man had on?

'Not very clearly. I think there was a scarf around his neck, and let's see-a cap. The stubby-brimmed kind lumbermen wear.

"And all the other workmen in these parts. Listen, Miss Bristow, it's ten to one the man was just a drifter on his way home from some backwoods drinking bout-and you know how curious these natives are about newcomers. On the other hand,





he may have been a very bad egg indeed, and I think I ought to tell you that this neck of the woods contains a few of that description. You can put the matter right out of your mind, so far as any real risk to yourself is concerned, but it would be wiser if you'd go walking up around the lake shore only during the daylight hours. It's pretty wild and lonesome up there at the Fairfield place, as you may know."

I haven't been there since I was six," I said, "but I remember it fairly well. A sort of sad-looking old stone house with big trees, near the lake, and a rocky beach down across a long field.

A few lights began to line the road now, and soon we turned

into a village street.

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'Essex," Jay said. "I'll leave the mail sack at the post office." He drew up before a small building. "Only be a minute," he piped, and jumped out, hauled a canvas sack from the back of the car, and dragged it up the post-office steps.

Dr. Meadows knocked the ashes out of his pipe bowl and leaned toward me. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Bristow," he said in a lowered voice, "if I should leave the car very unceremoniously. We may be stopped along the road. I'm only saying this so you won't be frightened.'

"More bugaboos?" I asked-and thought, "What am I get-

ting into, anyway?"

Oh, no. Just a friend of mine."

Strange sort of friends he must have, waylaying motor cars at this hour of night! But I said nothing, just stole a look at my mysterious fellow-passenger as we passed under a flickering light. It told me nothing. He had buried his face between jacket-collar and hat brim, and his keen gray eyes were closed.

In a short while we had left the silent tree-lined streets of Essex and were skittering along a dark, deserted road bordered on the right by the dim, murmuring expanse of the lake.

Dr. Meadows, suddenly alert, tapped our chauffeur on the shoulder. "Any minute now, Jay," he

said quietly.

"Okey-dokey, Doc," the old fel-low agreed. "Jest say when."

We slammed along at the same speed, my companion leaning out to watch the roadway. "Here," he said finally, and Jay stopped the

Alarmed in spite of the warning given me, I saw a slight movement in the darkness to the left, then the white blur of a face. A boy's voice called softly, "Hi, there, Doc!" and the face, now revealed by the light of a small flashlight the speaker carried, was as disarming as the voice. Wideset hazel eyes, a nose that turned up impudently, a grin as Irish as the name by which Dr. Meadows introduced this tall, slicker-clad young man. "Miss Bristow, this is Terence McGovern, a neighbor of the Fairfields.

Well, I thought, if this little ray of Irish sunshine is going to stick around, maybe things aren't so

"Charmed, I'm sure," said Terence, pulling off his cap to reveal a shock of wavy red hair. "Are you the visitor they expected at the

Fairfield place to-day? Good! I'll be seeing you, then. But just now I'm going to take the Doc away-that is, if he wants to

There was a thrill of suppressed excitement in the laughing words, and a similar undertone, I thought, in the doctor's voice. "The old fox?" he asked.

The same, sir," said the redhead. "And the trail leads to Judge's Hollow, just as you thought.'

"Fine! Good night, Miss Bristow. See you again, maybe." Dr. Meadows swung his long legs out of the car, spoke a few quiet words to young McGovern, and then the two of them strode off into the darkness.

Wal," old Jay wheezed, "if that ain't just like them two!" He pressed down the starter with a jolt that shook my back teeth, and the wet black road slid away beneath us once more.

Just who is that man?" I asked abruptly.

"Terence, you mean?"

"No, the other one. You seem to know him pretty well." "Who, Doc? Thought you and him was old friends. Wal, he's a kind of a science doctor, not a medical. Knows all about rocks and sech. Comes up here right often. Huntin', mostly.' 'Foxes, at night?'

"Don't ask me, lady. Terry set some traps, likely. Now, there's a nice youngster-Terry. Even old Simm Fairfield don't dispute that, and he's the disputin'est old man in ten counties," Jay laughed, and the Ford, taking advantage of his inattention, skidded dizzily. "Whoa thar, Lena!" he cackled. "I better stop talkin' and attend to my knittin' work, 'cause we're comin' to Judge's Hollow now, and I aim to make (Continued on page 40)



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, CROWN PRINCESS MARTHA, AND HER CHILDREN, PRINCESSES RAGNHILD, ASTRID, AND PRINCE HARALD

## Viking Ghildren

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

About the future king of Norway, called "the little Viking," and his sisters, who are all now living near Washington, D.C.

A SMALL boy in blue bathing trunks ran over the frosty ground. It was seven-thirty in the morning and there was not yet much movement around the encampment of log buildings. Wild geese, startled, rose from the slow creek's mouth and the wind was hushed in the pines.

The little boy skipped by the high flag pole, where already the forked battle flag of Norway was catching what breeze there was, through the gate of unpeeled birch logs, down the long plank rises and then be divided into the iculaher.

By that time he'd been seen. Young men in blue uniforms were coming out of the log house; a short, pleasant woman was hurrying toward the shore.

The little boy was climbing fast up the ten-foot diving tower, some fifteen feet from the end of the pier, before she had enough breath to shour, "You are not to dive off there, Harald!"

But the boy was already on the highest diving board, he was in the air, he was back in the lake. As he came sputtering to the surface, he was laughing.

"I'm sorry," he shouted, trying to shake his blond hair out of his eyes. "I'm so sorry. I could not stop myself when you called."

The nurse on the shore was laughing too. "You could have, you rascal," she scolded but she did not sound angry.

The uniformed men in the courtyard joined in her laughter.





TOP: PRINCE HARALD THE FAIRHAIRED, A PICTURE TAK-EN AT VESLE SKAUGUM IN CANADA. JUST ABOVE: CROWN PRINCE OLAV AND CROWN PRINCESS MARTHA OF NORWAY

"It's the little prince," they were saying. "It's little Prince Harald!"

Five-year-old Prince Harald, son of Crown Prince Olav and direct heir to the throne of Norway, was climbing out of the water into the raw Canadian air. He evaded the towel his nurse held out for him, and ran barefooted toward the officers' barracks over ground that still glistened with frost.

He did not know that his small escapade had set him more

formly on the throne to which he may succeed some day than he had ever been before. He did not know that the swim he had enjoyed on a morning when it was only two degrees above freezing point, would earn for him a coveted nickname, "The little Viking," and "Harald the Fair."

Although he was already named after Harald Fairhaired, who reigned over Norway in 872 A.D., he had now, in the minds of his airmen subjects, earned his right to the name of that intrepid,

reckless king.

This incident happened at Vesle Skaugum (pronounced veslay scow-goom), Royal Norwegian Air Force camp in Canada—all of five thousand miles away from Harald's own land of Nor-

way. The name means "Little Skaugum."

Even yet, at times, when Astrid and Ragnhild and Harald play under the oaks on the peaceful lawns of Pook's Hill, their American home, or feed their ducks in the pool at the end of the garden, they pause to speak of Skaugum. But it is not always the Little Skaugum where Harald took his chilly dive, of which



THE ROYAL CHILDREN ARE FASCINATED LISTENERS TO A THRILLING HERO TALE UNFOLDED BY TWO NORWEGIAN PILOTS

they speak—not always the rough log encampment in the deep, wild woods of northern Ontario in Canada. Quite as often they talk about the original Skaugum, the stately, ancient manor house by a blue Norwegian fjord which has always been home to the crown princes of Norway.

Princess Ragnhild Alexandra is tow-haired and thirteen, and she is supposed to resemble her English cousin, the Duke of Windsor. Princess Astrid Maud Ingeborg, though taller, is only eleven; she is chubby and fair-haired and Nordic looking. Prince Harald, who since his swimming episode recounted above has added a year to his age, is not yet seven years old. They are the children of the Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha of Norway, and once they called a palace home, though today they live in a pleasant, low, ivy-covered brick house, a few miles outside Washington, D. C.

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Ragnhild and Astrid attend White-



HARALD AND RAGNHILD WATCH YOUNG AIRMEN TRAIN AT VESLE SKAUGUM, THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE CAMP IN CANADA

hall Rural School of Bethesda, Maryland, and are treated just like all the other pupils. Back home in Norway, they were popular with the little Norwegian girls and everywhere they went they were recognized and greeted, but here they are frequently taken for just ordinary though unusually quiet school girls.

Both of them speak English fluently—their grandmother was an English princess, sister of the late King George V—but they still have a slight accent. Prince Harald has no accent; his English is precise and often his words sound as though he had spent all his six years studying a dictionary. The girls come home to Pook's Hill from school only over week-ends and during holidays.

Life at Pook's Hill is very quiet. More than anything else there seems to be waiting—waiting for the war to end and the return to Norway. Every day, from the Norwegian Embassy in

> Washington, news is sent out about the war and about affairs in Norway, and even the children are becoming well informed in world affairs.

> There are not many visitors at Pook's Hill. Crown Princess Martha seldom entertains, for she is busy at her work with the royal Norwegian Red Cross. However, every time a Norwegian merchant ship docks in Baltimore, the thirty to fifty seamen manning the ship make a trip to see these members of their well beloved royal family, and they always receive a royal welcome.

After one such visit, little Prince Harald went to his mother and said, "You had better cut my hair. It's pretty long and I don't like the way it curls."

He had seen the short cropped hair of the sailors, and he decided he would like to look like that, too. As soon as pictures of him began to appear without his curls—not so long ago—a number of Norwegian airmen and soldiers wrote to him and said they thought his having his hair cut had been a very good idea indeed. Harald was never so pleased in his life!

It is not an (Continued on page 26)



A SILVER BIRCH AT VESLE SKAUGUM FORMS A HUGE VICTORY V—FITTING PERCH FOR HARALD FAIRHAIR



## THE INDIAN PIPE

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

IKE water pouring out of the pitcher when Pamelia filled the glasses for supper at the kitchen table, the days were passing. Soon Indian Mound Farm and the summer would be gone into the past, almost like a story she had heard the gypsy tell, standing at the door in Cincinnati with the rain beading her hair.

It was time, time to go back to see Papa and Mamma and the other children. Baby would be talking now. Would she remember Pamelia? School would be beginning in a week. She must be there on the opening day, so that she would have a chance to choose a good desk. Already life at the farm, which had seemed a little while ago the whole world, was less real, like a landscape when a fog has come up.

The swallows were beginning to gather. They sat along the ridgepoles of the barns in families, and darted over the cornfields at sunset time, swooping and wheeling, now high, now

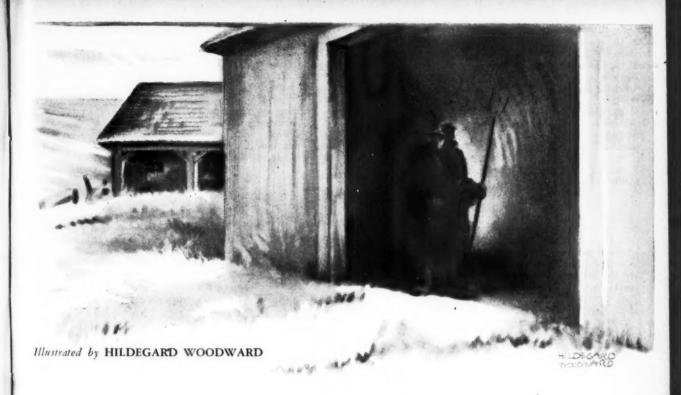
"I know how they feel," Pamelia thought. "They're getting ready to fly south, and so am I."

But there was one thing she must do before she could go happily. In all her letters home she had told about the farm and the schoolhouse, perched high above the flat countryside on real Indian mounds built up, basketfull by basketfull, with earth scooped out of the plain and carried by countless Indians, no one knew how long ago. She had sent drawings, too, of the mound builder things which Uncle and the men had found from time to time in the cornfields when they plowed—spearheads,

and a hand cut from shiny mica, bears' teeth which had been part of a necklace, some fresh-water pearls, and two tobacco pipes carved from red pipestone, with the bowls in the shapes of an eagle and a bear.

Papa had written back a long letter about the pipes, which had especially interested him. Were any of them in human shape, he wanted to know? And what other animals and birds were represented? Then he had added, as a postscript, that if Pamelia should ever happen to come upon a pipe, or even part of a pipe, he would be delighted at the chance to have anything so interesting in his hands.

Pamelia, of course, determined then and there that Papa should have a pipe, and it must be unbroken, and she must find it herself for him. For some weeks now she had been hunting without the least results. She had a very good stick with a pronged end, called Finder, with which she scratched up the earth, particularly after rain when a wet stone caught the light. Livy, her friend the lame goose, thoroughly approved of this effort. Unless she was in the kitchen garden where he was not allowed, he waddled close at her heels, or stood beside her, his head cocked on one side, his eye fixed on the new earth appearing under the prongs of Finder. He did not care beans for bits of pots, or odds and ends of arrow chips, or flaking shells. Livy knew what was important. Things like grubs and worms and beetles were the treasure Livy was looking for. It was about them that he murmured as he waited, one eye fixed piercingly on the ground.



## The last few days at Indian Mound Farm were anxious ones for Pamelia. The Indian pipe she determined to find for her father proved elusive

It was Livy who found what he was looking for, not Pamelia. She hunted on the mound itself, around the foundations of the barns, along the ditches, and in the cornfields where the tassels were yellowing overhead. But though she searched and searched during every spare minute of her time, until Finder was caked with earth and Livy wearied out with following after her, she found nothing.

Only Pawnee Sam, the Indian farmhand, understood how much she wanted to find the pipe.

"No find?" he asked gravely one evening as she passed him, hot and dusty, the stick in her hand the goose at her heels

hot and dusty, the stick in her hand, the goose at her heels.
"I only find broken things, Sam," she said. "Oh, dear! I get so cross. But I won't give up. I won't! I won't!"

"Find um some day," Sam said with assurance. "Indian make medicine. Sure. Find um sure."

"What kind of medicine, Sam?" Pamelia asked, but he only shook his head.

"Now?" she begged. "Soon?" But again he shook his head.

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"Not time," he said. "Moon tell when time for medicine."

So she had to wait for whatever strange help it might be which Pawnee Sam promised her. But meanwhile she went on hunting. It helped, knowing that there was one grown-up who understood.

She was going home in ten days. A friend of Aunt's was going on the cars to Cincinnati, and she would take Pamelia back to Papa and Mamma and the big house and all the brothers and

sisters. What stories she would have to tell them of her adventures! But unless she could bring Papa the pipe he had asked for, the visit would not be complete.

Uncle told her that the creek was the best place to look for it. "Water is always digging," he explained. "The banks crumble away so that you can see the lower levels of earth. A good deal has happened since the mound builders lived here, you know, and new earth has formed over the earth they used. It takes a plow, or a shovel, or a thunderstorm, or a fox, or a creek to dig out things for you—and if I were you, at this time of the year I'd trust to the creek."

So Pamelia haunted its banks, walking near the water, watching the walls of earth on either side. They were very deceiving, filled with old, rounded, dark roots, and waterworn stones just the size of the bottom of a pipe bowl. Again and again she dug out something, her heart beating fast, only to find it worthless.

The morning of the day before she was leaving, she thought for sure that she had found her treasure. It lay at the very edge of the water. Indeed Livy had splashed it as he played in the shallows, and so its wet round shining caught Pamelia's eyes.

"I won't hope this time," she thought, as she studied the thing at a little distance. It was dark and rounded and very smooth, just the size to fit into the palm of a man's hand. Where it entered the earth its shape seemed to change, as though the carving might begin there.

In spite of herself Pamelia felt her hope rising. She came nearer, looking down eagerly. Livy, thinking that nothing less than a grasshopper could be watched with so much interest, came honking up, looking, too. Even when she stood right above the thing, it looked right.

Pamelia was breathing fast. She reached down, digging at it with her fingers. The earth gave way and she held it in her hand.

It was only another stone.

With one furious motion she flung it out into the water. Livy heard the splash and waddled out after it, but Pamelia had no heart to watch him.

"Oh, dear!" she cried out loud. "I'll never find Papa's pipe!"

and she turned around and walked back toward the farm.

On the road up the mound she saw Pawnee Sam standing in the doorway of one of the barns, staring at her solemnly from small, unblinking eyes.

"No find um pipe?" he asked.

Pamelia shook her head. "And I have to go home tomorrow!" she wailed.

"'Melia find," the Indian said. "Sam have good dream. Make medicine now, 'Melia find pipe."

He spoke with so much assurance that Pamelia felt he couldn't be mistaken. After lunch she began her search again, hot as it

"I haven't much time," she thought. She hated the sight of the creek, and the shadow of the cornstalks drew her to them although there was never any breeze there, except high up in their tops. For miles and miles the rustles ran, telling Indian secrets while Pamelia, followed by the lame goose, toiled up and down the endless rows.

But still she found nothing.

Late that afternoon, hot and discouraged,

she found her way again to the bank of the creek, where at least she could feel the stir of air and hear the cool sound of sliding water. She felt hopeless now-she would hunt no more. She curled up under a bush on top of the bank and fell asleep, her cheek on a grubby hand.

Soon the lame goose lay down under the next bush and went to

sleep, too.

The shadows were long and slanting when Pamelia's eyes opened. She had heard, in the bed of the creek below her, some slight sound. Looking down now without moving, only half awake, she could scarcely believe

what she saw. Was that Pawnee Sam, sitting on his heels on the sand beside the creek? Goodness! Was that a snake in front of him? A rattlesnake? Pamelia almost jumped to her feet, but something in the quiet dignity of the scene made her control herself and lie still. The snake wasn't coiled to strike. It lay in an easy loop, its mottles ending in the rattles of its tail, its broad, arrowshaped head held about five inches from the ground, facing Pawnee Sam. Very slowly, with

a branch of leaves, the old Indian was sweeping the sand before the snake. Once he reached out a hand and quietly picked a twig from the cleared space. The snake's head followed his moving hand, but it did not strike.

When the earth was cleared to his liking, Pawnee Sam sat back on his heels, and the two regarded each other for a while without moving. It was as though they were talking together, not with words but with thoughts.

Then Sam began laying before the serpent some small objects. From a distance they looked like a few feathers tied to a short stick, and shells, and something shiny, perhaps a ten-cent piece, or part of a buckle.

The snake swayed its head over the offerings, but it did not seem frightened or disturbed. Once more the two waited, motionless. Not in suspense, but as though they were talking in silence.

Slowly, as always, the Indian reached into a pouch at his side and took out a pipe. From a deerskin bag tied about his neck on a thong, he drew tobacco, filled the pipe, lighted it, and took a few puffs, blowing the smoke toward the snake.

Then he gravely held the pipe toward the creature, the mouthpiece near its mouth as though it, too, were smoking.

He said something in a language Pamelia had never heard, and waited. For a minute the snake held its position, then unhurriedly turned and slipped away toward the bank and out of sight. One moment it was there, thick, long, and full of power. The next moment it was gone, and there was only Pawnee Sam in his ill-fitting clothes, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. Then he, too, was gone, almost as silently as the snake.

For a while Pamelia lay on the bank, forgetting to move. Could men and snakes be friends? Could a snake know secrets no man could know, and bring help? Indians weren't like white

people. They knew things white people didn't know. Could they make magic? It was for her sake, she was sure, that the rattlesnake had been called from its own hidden ways to confer on human affairs, to receive gifts and promise its aid. "Goodness!" thought Pamelia.

After a while she rose and walked thoughtfully home, followed by Livy.

It was a fine evening, that last evening at the farm. Pamelia sat on the veranda beside Aunt and Mrs. Lewis, watching the stars and the lights of Saint Louis twinkling back at them, like so many more stars.

A bat flew zigzagging past them, but they were used to that. The crickets were chirping everywhere in uneven waves of sound, which again and again died away but never altogether ceased. Al and Bill asked Pamelia what songs she would like to hear, and she felt very proud at being allowed to choose.

> When Aunt said it was time for her to go to bed that she might be ready for the journey in the morning, she said good night to every one.

> Pawnee Sam nodded to her. "Indian fix," he said, too low for "Find um the others to hear. pipe.

Pamelia answered, "Oh, thank you so much, Sam.'

She had been almost sure before that the snake had been called upon for her sake, but now she was perfectly sure. With a

rattlesnake and an Indian to help her, she must certainly find what she wanted so much.

"I'll wake up very early and go down to the cornfields for the last time," she thought. But the next thing she knew Aunt was shaking her by the shoulder and she had to hurry in order to be washed and dressed for breakfast.

There was only an hour between breakfast and the time for leaving, and everything went wrong. Aunt found several things in the house which Pamelia had forgotten to pack in her little trunk; then she had her bed to strip and the sheets to fold up, and at last Aunt said it would help if she put away the dishes which Mrs. Lewis had been washing.

Pamelia was in a fever of impatience. "Oh, Aunt, mayn't I

please go out and say goodby to Livy instead?" she pleaded.

Aunt nodded. "Well, run out to see the geese, dear, but don't go out of sight. The buggy will be coming soon. We can't take any chances of keeping kind Mrs. Hopkins waiting at the station.

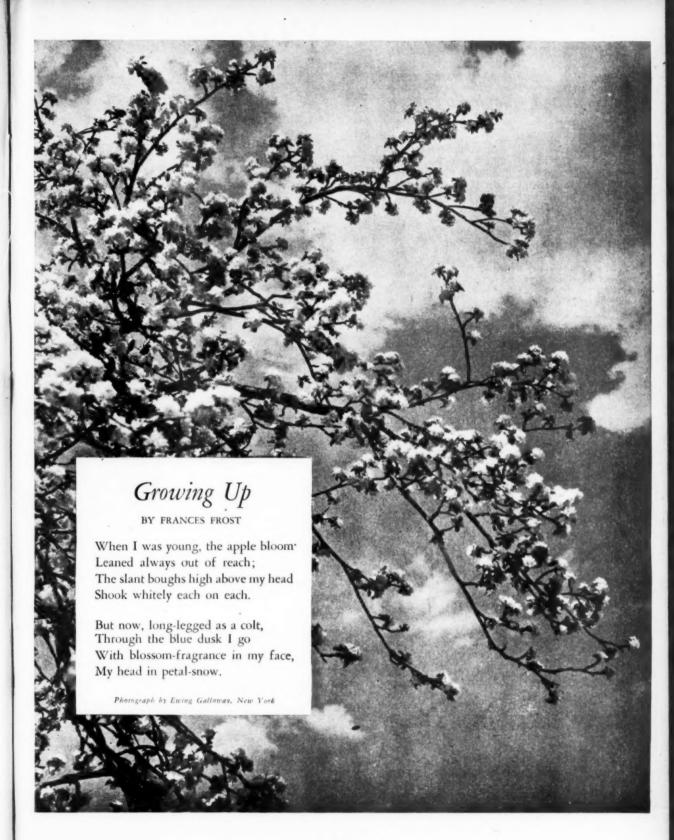
Mrs. Hopkins was Aunt's friend who was going to Cincinnati on the cars and had agreed to take (Continued on page 37)







THREE VARIETIES OF INDIAN PLATFORM PIPES. THE LOWEST IS LIKE THE ONE PAMELIA FOUND



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## Beginning a series of articles on the problems of teen age girls at home, at school, at parties, with friends, and planning the future

## YOU and your

UIZZES of all kinds are a popular fashion nowadays, and a quiz on family relationships—yours with your family—might be interesting to work out, and would perhaps help to clear up some of the bewilderment many girls are feeling about their own home problems. Some of you, we know, are honestly perplexed and do not understand why there should be clashing of points of view in the home, or a lack of sympathetic understanding between yourselves and the other members of your families.

Girls all over the country are asking for advice about these problems, and so your Editor and I have talked over the best and most helpful way of answering their questions. We decided that a series of articles dealing with the various problems you find yourselves meeting would reach you all, and so, this month, we are going to try to deal frankly and fairly with some of the dif-ferences in point of view that may be worrying you and your family. At the end of this article we have put a quiz, by which we want you to grade yourself. Don't try to do it in a hurry. Take time to think each question over before marking it—just as your teacher would, wanting to be very fair to you. Be honest about your answers; don't kid yourself. Remember no one but you will see the answers anyhow. This is a purely private check-up on you yourself, to help you get the most out ofand give the most to-your home life and your family relation-

And, please, let's all make a red check mark here for a point which should have special consideration—getting and giving are usually interdependent, usually quite exactly balanced. It's a law of life that we get out of any relationship—home, school, friendship, business, or marriage—what we ourselves put into it in the first place.

When you receive dividends from stock you own, you have had first to put money into the purchase of that stock. The dividends represent interest on your capital investment. And to receive dividends of happiness, companionship, trust, and understanding from your family, you must invest happiness, companionship, trust, and understanding in the partnership—for families are partnerships, which is another important point to remember.

In a real business, the partners don't always think alike about how things ought to be done, any more than you, your mother and father, and your brothers and sisters do at home. But if the business is to survive and keep on earning dividends and salaries, they have to get together on their differences of opinion and, each one giving in here and there, work out a policy that will be best for them all as a unit—that is, for a going business, or for a going family.

Temper flare-ups, sulking, each getting his own way even if it's done on the sly, do not work in a partnership. I am not talking now about the rightness or wrongness, morally, of such methods. I'm considering only that they defeat their own ends.



DO YOU BORROW YOUR SISTER'S CLOTHES-AND SPOIL THEM?

They simply don't work, and are a waste of effort and strength that ought to be spent in building up your business, or family, rather than in tearing it down.

Still keeping to the quiz idea, if I should ask you to give me a word of three syllables—an adjective—meaning to put yourself in the other person's place sympathetically, with real understanding of his point of view, I wonder how many of you would say "tolerant."

It's an adult word, and an adult quality, but none of you are too young to begin practicing the magic formula hidden in those three syllables. I use the word "magic" deliberately, for tolerance is as definitely magic as the old *abracadabra* of our fairy tales, and it has the advantage that it's effective in real life, today, particularly for smoothing out family discords and substituting harmony.

If you are tolerant, you put your imagination to work figuring out why a certain person acts, speaks, or believes as he does. It needn't mean that you'll always agree with him when you have figured it out, but if you understand the reason you'll be apt to have a much more intelligent attitude towards a difference of opinion than you otherwise would—or could.

One of the grievances that most of your letters have in common is that your parents simply can't realize you aren't a child

## FAMILY

MARGUERITE ASPINWALL



of the girls in your crowd-girls your own age, or just a little older—do as a matter of course. Things like using make-up, having a permanent, wearing a long evening dress to junior dances at the country club, and, most of all, about the time you have to be home at night.

reasonable to you at times, when

they object to your doing things most

It burns you up, you tell us. You object violently to "looking a perfect freak," or to breaking up a wonderful party at some silly, babyish hour, when all the rest of the gang are staying on. Those are just a few of your worries—each girl has other, specific items to add. Some fathers don't approve of high heels. (I'll let you in on a secret-most older men don't.) Fathers are given, too, to wondering aloud-and with a little fun-poking, in which, perhaps, your brothers join-what you can see in suchand-such a boy. It's pretty hard to take sometimes.

But the hardest of all seems to be the fact that your parents don't trust you, as you feel they can and ought. You're conscious of growing up, of being old enough to take care of yourself pretty much anywhere. You certainly don't want to do anything wrong, or anything even silly, but you do want to do what the rest of your crowd does. That's natural enough-all young people hate being different. It's only when you're much older that you'll call being different being "individual" and prize it as something important.

Well, let's begin with this-you do want your mother and

father to trust you.

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Suppose then, right here, you start in being tolerant and see what putting yourself in somebody else's place will tell you. You all know, of course, what a strong force habit is. We've each had to break ourselves of bad habits and try to build up good ones. And we know it's hard, both ways. But habit, if you

analyze the matter thoughtfully, is back of your parents'-and particularly your mother's-inability to see you as almost grown-

up, capable of thinking for yourself.

When you were a baby, helpless and dependent on her, your mother had to think and act for you constantly, and for so many years that the habit of doing it was formed. Perfectly natural and understandable when you look at it that way! Half the time she does it quite unconsciously, the rest of the time she honestly still sees you as her little girl whom she must protect from the dangers and the hard bumps of life. And, of course, you must be fair and admit that, as she's had more years of experience than you have—even though you are in your teens now and are a responsible person-you do still need her guidance and her leadership.

Let's assume that she's right half of the time, and that the other half, you are. If she didn't have that habit of trying to think and act for you, she'd be the first to recognize this, herself. Which puts it definitely up to you, again. Sit down and do a little serious figuring on it. Just how hard have you worked at proving to her, and to your father, that you're a responsible, almost grown-up girl now, and not a child any longer? Just saying

so isn't enough, you know.

If you have household duties to perform, do you take them as seriously as a business girl takes her job? Are you prompt, regular, to be relied on in their performance? That's being adult.

It's only children who have no real responsibilities.

If your parents provide you with an allowance, are you methodical in working out a budget and living within it? Do you get value for the money you spend? It's adult to manage thriftily, and to realize that if your parents give you this money, it is important to them how you handle it. It probably represents sacrifice on their part, and it is only fair that they should be convinced you are getting real value for it. People who have worked hard to earn and to take care of money, do not like to see it foolishly squandered. They will not think of you as grown-up if you have no appreciation of money values.

Are you careful about borrowed articles? Your older sister's clothes-your father's or brothers' tools? Do you take scrupulous care of them while they are in your possession, and return them promptly and in as good condition as when they were lent

When a businessman goes to a bank to borrow money for his firm, he has to tell for what purpose he needs the loan, and the exact date when he will be able to repay it. You are proving yourself adult and responsible if you do the same, even in socalled trifles. Nothing will stir up friction more quickly than

neglect of this simple, fundamental honesty.

Try that "tolerant" formula once more, on this matter. Put yourself in the lender's place. Do you smile and say nothing if your sister borrows your favorite sweater, your newest date dress, or your birthday tennis racket, and returns it in sad need of repairs, or forgets to return it at all? Or do you get plenty mad

and do some talking about it? I'm making one guess.

There's another way you can prove this grown-up state, and that's by being on time. Business men and women have to be. You might as well start practicing now. And it's another chance to make your parents feel you can be trusted. If you are allowed to go out with friends in the evening, and you promise to be home at a certain hour, be home then. If something actually unavoidable prevents it, call your mother on the telephone, explain to her, and tell her when she may expect you. It will save her needless worry, and after you have carefully built up a reputation at home for dependability, you will probably find that you will be allowed greater leeway in the matter of hours.

Your parents will have learned to recognize that you are not acting like a child, and that you can be trusted. Without any bickerings, hard words, or tears, the very attitude toward you that you wanted, but thought couldn't be managed, will have come about naturally and on the firm foundation of mutual respect

and understanding.

You will be building up not only love and respect between yourself and your parents, but a real friendship as well. There's something pretty fine and happy about a spontaneous give-and-take of comradeship between all the members of a family, regardless of age or natural interests. I have seen families where it was so quietly, inconspicuously, but surely present that outsiders, visiting in the house, felt it and hated to leave the friendly, light-hearted atmosphere it created.

People will certainly judge you by the way you treat your family. Never be apologetic for your parents, or your sisters and brothers—everyone will think less of you for that. On the other hand, if you are quietly proud of them, always courteous to and considerate of them both in public and at home, that will inevitably give others the impression that you yourself are someone to be respected, treated courteously, and admired.

And now, to get on with our causes for family misunderstandings, there's the matter of teen-age fashions. Most of the girls in your group use make-up, but perhaps your mother and father don't like it for you. You've argued, coaxed, sulked—well, shall we skip that?—and, as you yourselves put it, "gotten nowhere fast."

Probably your mother uses make-up herself, which makes her disapproval of it for you seem the more unreasonable. Her objections, however, probably aren't on the score of make-up in itself. To a great many people, make-up on girls under sixteen looks vulgar, and is unnecessary besides.

Most girls have natural color and young freshness that is the very thing older people are striving to imitate with their rouges, lipsticks, and powders. Your mother probably feels that it's silly to "carry coals to Newcastle." Also, she may be afraid of your using poor cosmetics that might injure your skin. Young skins are delicate, really.

If the girls in your group do use make-up and you feel uncomfortably out of it unless you do, too, perhaps if you promise your mother to use only standard preparations, and never to use mascara or the other more artificial cosmetic aids, she may consent to your trying it.

Then it will be up to you to convince her that you can use make-up naturally and artistically. Nothing, it seems to me, is more unlovely, or more lacking in real smartness, than smeared lipstick, unnaturally brilliant rouge, and too conspicuously powdered a look—particularly on a fresh young face.

Permanents come under the same group of objections. Many a mother fears that giving a young head of hair a permanent may weaken the hair, so that it will not take a permanent naturally and prettily when her daughter is old enough to need it the most.

Before urging too hard, some experimenting with hair-do's that don't require curls. Hair is being worn more simply, these war years—simple hair styles go more appropriately with uniforms. You may find something that suits your individual style better than even the most expensive permanent. And that last is still another reason for parental objection, since many parents feel that a permanent, and the subsequent upkeep, is an expense the family purse cannot compass.

In that case, no thoughtful daughter would want to put a farther drain on the heavily taxed family exchequer. In war times like these, little luxuries shouldn't really be hard to give up, considering how much more our boys in the services are giving up for us, perhaps forever.

As for that old bone of family contention—the long party dress—over which so many bitter tears have been shed by twelve-to-fourteen-year-olds, this year it needn't matter a gay nap of your fingers since so few grown-ups are wearing long dresses to parties, anyway. Short evening dresses seem to be one of those natural war-economies that have caught on as an approved style. The smart fashion magazines and our best store advertising have both been stressing "the new short story." Short evening frocks are so pretty, so smart, and so young, too, that even the most sophisticated grown-ups are wearing them on every possible evening occasion. In fact, as sales figures go in stores, they outnumber the long-dress sales many times.

So, this year of 1944, if your mother thinks you're too young to wear a long dress, you can console yourself by knowing that your short one is much newer and right out of Fashion's top

The happiest family life is when the various members can talk everything over together, freely and openly, without fear of being misunderstood, or ridiculed. Businesses have their board meetings; families should also have their get-together conferences, where everybody present can have a voice, present his or her views without heat or argument, and be prepared to "give in order to get" whatever it seems fairest and best for the partnership as a whole.

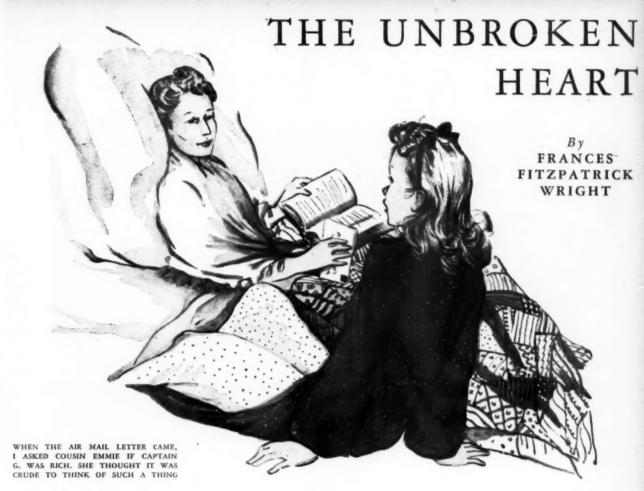
And now bring out your pencils, and put on your thinking caps. For each question you can check in the affirmative, give yourself five points. If you don't feel sure you rate the whole five points on any question, mark yourself according to your conscience—from one to five. Seventy is "passing;" 80, fair; up to 90, good; above 90, top honors—and any family's lucky to have you in it!

#### YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

- 1. Do you make a real effort to see any matter under discussion from the other person' point of view? Yes. . . No
- Do you always ask permission before borrowing anything belonging to members of your family? Yes. . . No
- Do you return borrowed articles promptly, and in good condition? Yes... No
- Are you as courteous to your family as to strangers, both in public and in private? Yes... No
- Are you dependable about getting home at the time you promised to do so? Yes. . . No
  - 6. Are you on time for engagements? And meals? Yes... No
  - Are you regular and thorough in performing household duties assigned to you? Yes ... No
  - 8. Do you avoid setting up rivalries with your sisters? Yes... No
  - Do your brothers find you companionable and a good sport? Yes... No
  - Do you like to do things with your family? Yes. . . No
  - 11. Do you plan carefully the spending of your allowance, or whatever money the family gives you? Yes... No (Continued on page 40)



DO YOU KEEP TO YOUR BUDGET? OR CAN'T YOU RESIST PRETTY THINGS?



EAR LUCY ELLEN:

We miss you very much since you went off to school. I was glad to get your letter. In case you get homesick, I will write you once a week, or more. I like to write letters.

Do you remember the picture in Granny's album of a man with black mustaches, pointed up, and a uniform on, very tight, named Captain Gilbertson? Well, he was a captain in the Spanish-American War, not any of these World Wars. And he was

once Cousin Emmie's beau, Mother says, but they had a sad misunderstanding so he went to the war to Forget All, as he told her.

Well, when he forgot all, he married a Cuban girl—or else a Filipino girl—and was very unhappy. So she died and he went to South America. But now he is in the United States. Cousin Emmie had a letter from him

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lately. He is coming here in about two months. Isn't that romantick? Just like a movie. I am dying to see him.

I told Mother that he must be nearly a hundred years old, but she said no, he was about Father's age. He was only eighteen when he and Cousin Emmie busted up. He was wounded twice, she said, and had yellow fever once, and still didn't die. So you can see he must be a hero, and very durabul.

I think Cousin Emmie is excited. Anyway, she is having a new dress made. Miss Isabel is making it. It is dark red with beads on it, just beautiful. Also—but do not breathe it, because it is a family skeleton, she is having some new teeth made, upper ones. Because she still has her own lower ones. You know she has had what she calls a denture for years. But most people call them false teeth. I think it is a good idea to have a new set made, because the old ones were sort of noticeable. I hope Captain G. will not catch on that these are not the real ones, because then he might go back to the Philipines again, or somewhere. But some people do not stand back on dentures. They say C. Percy had one when he was a movie star, and he was very ro-

mantick. But that was in picture shows: In real life, things are different, don't you think so?

But I hope all will be well, and she will get to marry him, because it is sad to live alone, as she does, I should think.

Your loving sister, Pat Downing

P. S. I think I will write a book about Cousin Emmie. I will call it A Broken Heart. Isn't that a good name? Of course I will disguize it, so no one will catch on that it is Cousin Emmie. Later, I think I will sell it to the movies. It would make a good movie, don't you think so? P. D.

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

I spent the night with Cousin Emmie last night. She got a letter, via air mail, from Captain G. yesterday. He is in California now, but he is coming in his plane as soon as he can get through his business. I think he must be rich, be-

Pat Downing is back—very much

worried lest her Cousin Emmie

do the wrong thing when it

comes to choosing a busband



cause he has a plane and also a ranch in South America. I asked Cousin Emmie if he was rich, and she said it was crude of me to think too much about a person's money, and that money has nothing to do with happiness. But it does with mine, a lot. I am sure it is ever so much better to marry someone rich than poor. Cousin Emmie is too refined, don't you think so? I am going to ask Father—he is very practicul. If Captain Gilbertson is rich, it is much more like Cinderella, because the prince, you know, had millions of dollars. I don't mean that Cousin Emmie is so poor, or sits in the cinders, but then neither is she so young and beautiful. Anyway, she should be very thrilled to marry a rich man and fly away to South America in a plane. If she does, I would like to visit them. I am studying Spanish, as you know, so I could talk to the South Americans. Also see many interesting sights like the Andes mountains, the coffee plantations, the anteaters, etc. But I guess that is like counting your chickens before they are hatched. He might not even ask her. But I think he will, don't you?

Mother is going to give a dinner for them, when he comes. She is having the dining room papered on account of it. It is gorgious paper, with pictures of Williamsburg printed on it. Father is imbittered. He says it is a waste of money because the Captain would never notice the difference, and that the house being all torn up is shattering his nerves. You know how Father is. He never wants any changes made, either for better or for worse. He wants everything to stay like it is.

Your loving sister.

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

The plot thickuns, as they say. Because now Cousin Emmie has another beau. He is the new pastor at the Methodist church. He is a widower and has many children, but they are all grown. His name is Mr. Westover. I hope Cousin Emmie will not fall in love with him, although Mother says he has a strong character—and a man should have one, shouldn't he? But he is sort of bald and fat. I am sure he has never even ridden in a plane, and he doesn't own anything glammerous like a ranch in South America. He doesn't own anything, period. He is the poor but honest type. Mother says he needs a wife to look after him, that his collars need turning because they are frayed. And, of course, Cousin Emmie loves missionaries and people like that, so, as Mother says, that is a bond between them.

I wish Mother would not be so unworldly-minded. Think how it would be to have a millionaire in the family! And besides the money, Captain G. would be my choice because he is the romantick type. I hope he has cut his mustache, though. It makes him look sort of like a villun. Cousin Emmie got another letter from him this week. I didn't know before that Cousin Emmie was a glammer girl. But Mother said she was beautiful, when she was young, and very popular. But after Captain Gilbertson left she was broken-hearted, so she did not want any more beauz.

Your loving sister,

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

I am worried because every Sunday afternoon Mr. Westover has tea with Cousin Emmie. He never misses. So I am afraid he has it on his mind to marry her. But surely she wouldn't do that after these many years of being an old maid, especially as Captain G. is coming so soon. Cousin Emmie doesn't look like the type to lead a man on, does she? Mother says I shouldn't begrudge the poor man the only good food he ever gets. His cook is Sallie V. and Mother says she is the worst cook in town.

I was there today, when he came to tea. He tells very funny stories. I nearly died laughing. He told me about going to the mill when he was a little boy and how scared he always was, riding home on a winter afternoon, because he had to pass a graveyard. And once he thought he saw the devil there, coming from behind the church, but it turned out to be a goat with horns pointing up, the way the devil's do.

In a way, I wish Cousin Emmie could marry him. He is very jolly, and still sometimes he looks sad and lonely. If only he had the plane and the ranch and all the money, I would not mind his being bald and fat. Mother says I am far too mersenary, but I am only interested in Cousin Emmie. (Though I do want to go to South America very much.)

Your loving sister, P. Downing

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Cousin Emmie's new denture is finished. You would never believe it was false, it looks so real. I hope Captain Gilbertson will not catch on.

He is coming tomorrow afternoon, by the way. And Mother is going to have the dinner tomorrow night, at six. It is going to be gorgious. We are going to use the long, cutwork table-cloth that nearly touches the floor and the big napkins to match. Also the silver candlesticks with pale yellow candles in them, and the silver bowl is going to be filled with yellow snapdragons from the florist's. Father says we have spared no expense to make a good impression on Captain G.

Your mouth would water if you could see all we are going to have to eat, roast turkey and baked ham and oysters. Also artichokes for salad (which I have never tasted before) and candied yams and peas and mackaroon ice cream. It is going to be super duper. Tommy and Father have new hair cuts—Mother made them have their hair cut—so they will look suitable. I am going to wear my plaid taffeta. I love it. It makes a pleasant sound when you walk.

I will write you, via air mail, how he looks and if he proposes and all that. We have never had anything in our family so romantick before. The girls all envy me and are dying to meet Captain G. It will be very imbarassing if nothing comes of the visit, because they all know I am planning to go to South America.

Your loving sister, P. L.

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

He came—you should see him! He doesn't wear a uniform, which I regret, but still he is very stricking looking and his clothes are what the well dressed man should wear. Also he has no mustache. One leg seems to be sort of stiff and he carries a cane, but otherwise he looks younger than Father, much. That is because farmers look old for their age, even with a new haircut.

Cousin Emmie wore the red with the beads. She looked very pretty and young for her age. If they were married, they would be a nice looking couple, better than the average.

Father doesn't like Captain G. In fact, he hates him. He says he brags too much. It is true that he speaks often of his ranch in S. A. which is ten thousand acres, or else ten million. But Father is very criticul. He should be willing to overlook a few faults, don't you think so?

Mother doesn't say much, but I can tell she likes Mr. West-

over better. Captain G. spoke several times about his wine cellar, and Mother disaproves of them. And she says he has a hard face, and that Cousin Emmie was not the type for him. But I still have hopes, because I think Cousin Emmie is dazzled with him. It would be wonderful to have a millionaire in our family, I think, because we have never had anything like that. And no doubt Cousin Emmie could stop him from bragging and drinking too much wine. You know she is very strict about that.

Tommy says Captain G. is a dope, but that is sour grapes. He is nutty about Mr. Westover because he is the new Scout master, and he can tie knots in ropes and make kites that out-fly anybody's. But I don't think Cousin Emmie should marry a poor man just to please Tommy, do you? Or Father and Mother either. Because she could have a glammerous life if she married Captain G. I am dying to tell her what I think, but I guess I had better not. Oh dear, if only Mr. Westover's wife had not died, all would be well!

Your sister in suspence, P. Downing

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Cousin Emmie is engaged to Captain G. He gave her a ring. It is macknificent. It is a diamond as big as a bird's egg. You know Cousin Emmie is the modest type, and Mother says the ring is too flashy for her. But I think it is gorgious, and I hope someone will give me a ring just like it some day. They are going to be married in three months. I wish so much to be a





Driven from her nest at a tender age, this little squirrel found a home with humans who knew what to do with tiny, wild babies



## REFUGEE

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

THERE were woods back of our house in the nation's capital. Living in the midst of Washington, we were at the same time living in the country, on the edge of a forest. The strip of woodland was not too wide, to be sure—but wide enough, since it joined Rock Creek Park, for all sorts of wild creatures to live in. Every winter the bobwhites came to feed under the overhanging roof of our house; and once they stayed there in a circle, tails in, heads out, while the snow came down and almost covered them.

Many adventures we had known with the wild creatures, many beautiful sights we had seen—a birch filled with purple finches until it looked as though it blossomed, two lunar moths on a dried stem, the redstart family, the scarlet tanager, the

family of baby chipmunks.

But with the war, the woodland was doomed. "I have no right to grieve," I told myself as the trees went down. "Remember youth is falling all over the world! And Washington must provide more shelter for those who come here to serve." But I did say, too, "It means our days of adventure with woodland creatures are over."

That afternoon, out from the fallen trees came a tiny whimpering creature. My husband heard the sound as he worked in our miniature Victory garden. He put his hand down and a refugee from the fallen trees crawled into his palm and curled

itself into a furry ball.

I knew of the coming of our refugee when my husband called me to the kitchen, and held out his hand in which lay a baby squirrel about one-fourth the size of an adult squirrel. Her tiny face was covered with dirt where she had nuzzled at the ground for food she had failed to find. Her ears were like small sea shells tight to her head, her fur was sleek and wet. Except for

her long and beautiful tail, Refugee, as we named her, looked like a rat.

We tried to feed her bread, but she turned her head away. With a medicine dropper I dripped milk on her nose. She shook her head and wailed. Then I remembered how we had brought up a baby robin, so I dipped some bread in the milk and gave a morsel to the newcomer. She sat up suddenly, still in my husband's hand, curled her beautiful tail like a parasol over her head, seized the bread in both front paws and began to nibble.

It had been so long apparently since Refugee had had any food! We gave her not too much at first. When we took the bread away, Fugee, as we later called her, still sitting upright, washed

the dirt from her face just as a kitten might do.

I held her while my husband went downstairs and returned with a wire cage about three feet long and a foot and a half wide. He had made it for catching rats which had troubled us the year before. Now he took some excelsior and fashioned a nest with his hand. We put Fugee inside, and she curled down at once, one would say almost thankfully, and went to sleep.

An hour later, with the medicine dropper filled with milk, I held her on my hand, crooning softly and moving slowly as I urged her to try it. A drop on her nose finally elicited a pink tongue. My, it was good! Fugee was not so exhausted now. A little coaxing, and the end of the medicine dropper slipped into her mouth. I heard the clicking of tiny teeth on the glass end. The milk at my pinching of the rubber bulb, flowed slowly. I had served the milk not too cold.

Fugee decided she liked it. Suddenly she sat up, both front paws went around the medicine dropper, as a baby's might have gone around its bottle. She was learning. Two hours later she took the dropper unhesitatingly. She understood now, this was food. We let her decide as to the amount of the feeding. When

she had enough, she simply stopped drinking

Knowing that Fugee's teeth would grow fast, we were careful they should not bite too hard on the glass. And though she was very cute taking her milk, we introduced her from the first to bread as well, bread dipped in milk.

The teeth grew. Fugee grew, too. Soon she was eating a bit of shredded wheat. She managed to nibble at a peanut, though we had to shell it for her since her teeth were not long enough

to break the shell.

Then the milk feedings were not given so often. After a few

mornings we gave her milk to drink in a glass coaster.

It was great fun to see how Fugee knew things by instinct and certainly not by our teaching. I saw her bury her first peanut in the excelsior. Once, when the excelsior seemed a little worn, I handed her a paper handkerchief. Fugee promptly seized it and worked it carefully into her bed. She came back for another. So every evening after that Fugee had a pair of clean sheets!

The little girl next door, who came daily to see her, always

asked for "a sheet, too."

Sundays my husband put Fugee temporarily into a bird cage, which she hated, while he cleaned her big cage with the hose. Then I would powder her with the canary's flea powder. With a fresh cage and a little squirrel freshly powdered, we would begin the week again.

Half a walnut was one of Fugee's ideas of heaven. She would growl if you put your hand in the cage then. So, naturally, we

did not annoy her.

Her other idea of heaven, especially when she was small, was my husband's coat pocket. I suppose it resembled the dark, warm depths of her nest. We discovered this liking when Fugee, in one of her play hours, discovered the pocket. After that, when my husband came home from the laboratory, he would go out to Fugee's cage, which was parked under the kitchen table, take the baby squirrel out, and let her discover the pocket. Then with a chuckle, he would go into the living room to read his paper. I have known Fugee to stay in the pocket for an hour and more at a time. In fact, she never came out of it of her own accord.

When it was warm and sunny, we put the cage on the porch in the sun. Sometimes the baby squirrel would make a tunnel in the excelsior and lie there with only her head popping out of the hole. Evidently her fur coat wasn't quite warm

enough.

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Occasionally we would let Fugee run about the kitchen. She would try to climb, but except for stocking-covered legs she wasn't too successful at first. Since her climbing was not to be recommended for the stockings, we discouraged this. And Fugee seemed to understand when a foot was stamped em-

phatically, with "No, no, Fugee!" Or it may have been the quick movement which discouraged her. Animals do not like quick movements on the part of human beings. To move slowly and to speak quietly is a must" for those who would associate with wild creatures.

Soon my husband would put Fugee on top of her cage and pat his knee invitingly. That was how she learned to jump. Next we turned the kitchen over to her for certain periods as a gymnasium. Table, chair, the little ladder of three steps, and a stool, were most encouraging if they were not placed too far apart. After she had had a long playtime, we might return to the kitchen to find her stretched out on the cushion of a chair, for all the world like a domestic cat.

But when she began to launch herself upon me from half way across the kitchen, I felt that it was time for outdoor exercise. Up my back she would scramble and to my shoulder. She would peer and sniff at my hair, but never tried to climb to my head. One used psychology with Fugee when one wanted to be rid of her, and walked over to the high stool which was part of her gymnasium. Invariably she would step from shoulder or hip to the stool. "Substitution," the psychologist would call it.

She was particularly fond of being stroked. My husband would stroke her energetically with both hands, from head to tail, as though she were a cat. One night, under such treatment, we heard a little sound and bending close we discovered that Fugee was purring. This was not the continued purring of a cat, but an intermittent purring, umm, umm, umm. It was in fact a low growl, but a contented growl.

During these days she would keep nipping at my husband's hands and fingers, but as her teeth were growing and we heard many warnings to look out for sharp bites, we tried to discourage "No, no, Fugee! No, no!" And sometimes we would tap

her lightly on the nose.

All this was because we did not understand. Fugee wanted to play. One night, as my husband put her into her cage and tried to keep her from the door, she rolled on her back, all paws in the air like a kitten. A little rough-housing was exactly what she wanted. In a few minutes she was fairly prancing with joy. Later we were to see her prance about in the kitchen in the same way. But nothing seemed to make her as happy as to have my husband roll her about with his hand. She would pretend to bite, but never in any but a gently, pretending way

After that Fugee had a regular circus every night just before

bedtime. Then, into the cage, clean sheets, and sleep!

We had kept Fugee about three weeks when we took her outside to climb her first tree, a dogwood in the back yard. The next lesson was a tall, rough-barked tree. Up and up Fugee went toward the very top. There wasn't a branch on that tree that she didn't explore. She found something delectable to squirrel-taste on the bark, a sort of lichen growth which probably contained squirrel vitamins. She nibbled at the new green buds.

After that we added elm-tree samara to her diet. She had milk only in the morning now. She usually drank it while standing on her head, so to speak, her hind feet toward the top of the cage. Doubtless that was the only way she could figure out of keeping all four feet out of the dish. The remainder of the day there was water in the coaster.

The first time she climbed the tall tree, she remained for half an hour or so; the second time, she stayed up two hours. Since there were many cats in the neighborhood and Fugee had not yet learned to fear cats,

one of us stayed near the foot of the tree. Finally my husband took his newspaper out and remained leaning against the tree, reading. He had almost despaired of Fugee's returning at all, when he heard a little sound and, looking about, discovered Fugee's head at his shoulder. Hanging head-downward, she had decided to investigate what was so intriguing about the newspaper.

Squirrels have been successfully made into house pets, but they are destructive and the end is invariably tragedy for the squirrel. We heard of two who fell from windows and were killed, of another killed in falling from a mantelpiece, and we realized

how easily they can be stepped on.

Wild creatures whom one has be- (Continued on page 31)

## The Smaller Leopard

By JOSIAH TITZELL

The little kitten's asleep on the end of the sofa— But the little kitten is dreaming across the hill, Creeping along, a leopard in the moonlight, Creeping along in a world that is silvered, still. There's a nervous swing to his tail And a twitch to his lips, There's a stealth to his step, but never you nor I Can see what the kitten sees beyond the hill, See what he sees with a wild light in his eye.



LEFT: A GIRL SCOUT OF TROOP ONE HUNDRED AND SIX, PORTLAND, OREGON

RIGHT: SCOUTS OF BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, HELPED THE WAVE RECRUITING DRIVE BY PUTTING UP POSTERS AND DISTRIBUTING LITERATURE. TWO OFFICERS OF THE WAVES CHAPERONED THE GIRLS, DRIVING THEM THROUGH THE COUNTRY IN THE NAVY RECRUITING WAGON.



# BUILD CHARACTER CH







Above and left, Paul Parker photographs

CENTER LEFT: CAMPING PRODUCES THE SPIRIT OF CO-OPFRATIVE FFFORT SO NECESSARY TO SUCCESSFUL LIVING, THESE SCOUTS OF CAMP PINE GROVE, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, ARE LEARNING THAT IT IS FUN TO WORK TOGETHER PREPARING A BARBECUE. LEFT: JUST PLAIN HAVING A GOOD TIME IS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF SCOUTING—A PART WHICH MAKES HAPPIER CITIZENS. ABOVE: THE SCOUT PROGRAM FOSTERS INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP. HERE A BRAZILIAN GIRL, AT THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE ENCAMPMENT IN 1941, SINGS A SONG OF HER COUNTRY TO A FASCINATED GROUP





# COUTS ~~~~~ R-CHARACTER BUILDS TE WORLD ~~~~

TOP RIGHT: SENIOR SCOUTS OF COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, RECEIVE TRAINING IN ESSENTIAL COMMUNITY SERVICE TO HOSPITALS. HERE THEY RECEIVE THEIR CAPS AND BECOME FULL-FLEDGED NURSES AIDES. RIGHT: SCOUTS OF NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, ARE PROUD OF THEIR MOBILE CANTEEN, A STATION WAGON EQUIPPED FOR EMERGENCIES



ABOVE: SCOUTING STRESSES THE CULTURAL SIDE OF LIV-ING, BOTH IN CAMP AND OUT. THESE SCOUTS OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA, SPEND A QUIET AFTERNOON SKETCHING. RIGHT: SCOUTING INCLUDES ALL FAITHS AND ENCOURAGES WORSHIP







So MANY Girl Scout troops have a Court of Awards or some other big event in the spring, that it almost has become a good old Girl Scout custom. Spring seems to be the turning point in the year, a good time to take stock of the troop's accomplishment and to round out the year's activities with some special recognition. Plans made in the fall and winter have been carried out. Projects worked out in troop room and craft shop are completed. Everybody has new ideas and vacation lies just ahead.

What does your troop do to give that nice finished-up feeling, and what is your own part in it? Your satisfaction in the accomplishment of the troop during the year, whatever the occasion may be, depends almost entirely on yourself. Isn't a successful Court of Awards the result of what each girl has done and what the program has meant to each one of you? And don't you always enjoy the event you help plan and share

responsibility for more than any other?

If your spring Court of Awards marks the climax of your troop year, what can you do to make it an occasion you will

always remember with pride and satisfaction?

Perhaps you want it to be just a troop affair, especially if you do not meet all summer. Or you may want your parents to be your guests and show them what the year's Scouting has meant to you. There may be other friends of the troop you wish to include. What do you think of asking the program consultants, who have helped you with your badges, to take part? Is this an occasion your troop committee members share with you? Do you like the idea of using this opportunity to express the appreciation of the troop for your leaders? A surprise presentation of something the troop has made, or a short play one of you has written, or a poem, or a picture one of you has painted, or merely a few sincere words, will let your leaders know that you value their time and work and their friendship.

Sometimes two or three troops in the same neighborhood enjoy a celebration together, with each troop responsible for part of the program, badges awarded in a special ceremony, and recognition given to everybody for what they have ac-

complished.

You and the other members of the troop will decide, with your leaders, what you want the program to be and how much time you wish to spend on it. The important thing to remember is that every girl in the troop should have a part in it, should share the fun and the responsibility, too. Perhaps the following suggestions will help you in making your plans for a Court of Awards and for other important occasions.

#### Ceremonies

For a ceremony to be effective, it must be kept simple, dignified, and suitable to its purpose. Perhaps your big spring event is the meeting in which Brownie Scouts fly up into your Girl Scout troop, or when girls from an Intermediate troop are taken into your Senior troop.

In the case of the Brownies, all that is needed to make the

actual ceremony important is to have them make the Girl Scout Promise, which is different from their own, and receive their new pins and Brownie wings. Perhaps the whole troop will repeat the Girl Scout Laws with them as part of the ceremony. It is important, at this first meeting, that you really introduce them to the work and fun of your troop, remembering that they are already members of the Girl Scout organization and are not "new girls" or "babies." Their going from one troop to the other is just a big step forward in the same Girl Scout program.

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If yours is a Senior troop, you will want to plan something special to welcome the girls coming in from an Intermediate troop. Again the ceremony may be brief and not necessarily anything new. You can plan one based on your present interests, or perhaps a quiet renewal of the Girl Scout Promise and Laws together will mean most to all of you. Remember that these Intermediate girls probably have been doing much the same things in their badge projects that you have in your program, and that they are members of the same organization who are now ready to carry out the activities in a different way.

Another ceremony for Senior Scouts is the one for becoming Senior Service Scouts. You are accepting greater responsibilities as members of the community when you take this pledge, so the ceremony may be a public one conducted by the Girl Scout commissioner, with other civic leaders or officials present.

Ceremony for the Capping of Senior Service Scouts may be obtained by writing to the Program Division of Girl Scouts,

155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Ceremonies for awarding badges at the Court of Awards mean more if they, too, are simple and short. The program leading up to the ceremony may be as gay and informal and varied as you like, and the badges may be given as part of the program instead of in a ceremony. But if you want a real ceremony (look the word up in the dictionary) emphasizing the part your Girl Scout Motto, Promise, and Laws play in earning these badges, you will want that part of the program to be serious and dignified. (You may be interested in rereading the article on Celebrations for Girl Scouts by Oleda Schrottky in the January, 1944 American Girl.)

#### Program Suggestions for Courts of Awards

One way to make a Court of Awards program significant and entertaining is to base it on what you have been doing to earn the badges you are to receive. Some of the activities required in such badges as Troop Dramatics, Stagecraft, Minstrel, Group Music, Folk Dancing, World Trefoil, World Gifts, Hostess, Cook, Child Care, First Aid, My Country, and many others can be done in an hour's program. Or you may have an exhibit of all you have done in arts and crafts, and make that the main feature of a Court of Awards.

Other parts of your program can be presented, also, through sketches you have written, puppet shows, shadowgraphs, exhibits, and talks by members of your troop. Your Girl Scont

Handbook is filled with helpful suggestions and directions.

Sometimes you may wish to tell in your own words what you have done and what the badges mean to you. Or you might ask one of your program consultants to talk about the value of this part of Girl Scouting. You may want the Girl Scout commissioner, the Program Committee chairman, the executive or field worker to say something to you. A representative from some agency your troop has served may be glad to talk a few minutes about what Girl Scouting means to the community.

So much of the Girl Scout program is carried out best outdoors that Courts of Awards are often held on a lawn, in a

park, or around a campfire.

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One successful spring Court of Awards, planned for three neighborhood troops together, was a trail through a beautiful



wooded nearby park, with each troop responsible for part of the program. The trail included parts of the second class work and of each badge to be presented. At the beginning games were played until each small group, into which the girls and the few guests had been divided, started on the trail with some distance between each group. At the end of the trail, in a lovely open space surrounded by trees, they sang until the last group arrived. Then they stood in a circle for the ceremony. A favorite outdoor song was sung, a poem read, and a girl who became a First Class Scout told what following the Girl Scout trail can mean. Then all of the girls thoughtfully repeated the Girl Scout Laws, and the badges were given by each

leader to the girls in her troop.

Another effective Court of Awards, put on for the community by several troops, was a presentation of their Girl Scout activities through the AMERICAN GIRL magazine. The girls made pages for a "life-size magazine"—six feet high and four The framework was of four narrow strips of wood, or laths, nailed together, and heavy wrapping paper was pasted and tacked to the frames. There were three of these pages, so the living features of the magazine could get into place between the second and third pages, while two were open to the audience. Four girls turned the pages, The girls from different troops selected different pages of the magazine and had lots of fun working out their tableaux. The cover, the frontispiece, special articles, characters in favorite stories, and jokes were all portrayed and recognized with delight. The Girl Scout activity pages were put on by the girls who were to receive badges, and were all illustrations of the ones the girls had been working on. Those magazine pictures "came to life" and walked out to receive their badges, presented by the chairman of the Program Committee of the Girl Scout Council.

Whatever the program is, the way to please your audience and satisfy yourselves is to have a real purpose and to carry it out. Don't include too much in one program and be sure to "make it snappy." Begin on time, and see that everything moves right along without awkward waits because something, or somebody, isn't ready. Then finish on time. This means that each one is accepting responsibility and knows what to do.

BUT back of the planning and good work on the special event that marks your progress is something even more important-and that depends almost entirely on you. If spring is a good time to look back over the year and take stock of the troop's accomplishment, isn't it a good time for you to make an individual check of yourself as a troop member and a person? Do the badges you receive mark real progress you have made, and represent inner growth as well as outward achievement? Ask yourself these questions and see. They may give you something to think about as you choose your summer activities, or when you make plans with the troop again next fall.

What kind of work did you do on these badge projects? How proficient are you in the skills you are supposed to have acquired? Have you applied any of them at home? Have you met the service requirement for the badge? What made you select these badges in the first place-because they were easy for you, or because they held a definite challenge and meant real effort? How much responsibility have you assumed for carrying out the plans made by the whole troop, or for those of the group you worked with on some special interest? What kind of troop member have you been? What has being a Girl Scout meant in your relationships with other people?

Only you yourself can answer these questions, and only you can set your own standards. You may have been able to "get perhaps because your leader was too busy with other girls who seemed to need more help, or because your program consultant didn't know you well enough to realize she should have expected a higher quality of work from you. You are the one person who knows whether or not you have done your best,

and how much your badge really means.

You know how much you enjoy that warm feeling of honest pride when you've worked hard on something worth doing and have done it well. Perhaps that feeling means more than the badge itself, or the occasion when you receive it. If that is true, the turn of the year does mark real progress for you.





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### VIKING CHILDREN

uncommon sight to see slender, gracious Crown Princess Martha shopping in the stores that line the main street of the little town of Bethesda in Maryland, nor to see the royal family leaving the Lutheran church after the Sunday service. And if you ask any of the Bethesda people what they think of their royal neighbors, they'll say, "We like them. They're just folks."

During one of Crown Prince Olav's hasty trips to America recently, an out-of-town visitor was at a Bethesda drugstore when the Norwegian royal family arrived to do some shopping. She described it later.

I was having a lemonade when suddenly up pulled a small car by the door and out stepped Crown Prince Olav, the Crown Princess, and their three children. In a few minutes they were all over the store. The Crown Prince was at the magazine rack looking over the latest journals; the Crown Princess was making a purchase for the household; Princess Ragnhild was poking around the cosmetic department; Princess Astrid was trying to find herself a book; and Prince Harald had scrambled up on the counter stool and was gravely discussing the possibility of putting another scoop of ice cream into his soda. The soda fountain clerk was apparently familiar with his customer for he said, 'If I give you an extra dip, don't tell your mother.

So these Norwegian royal children live happily in America, but that doesn't mean they have forgotten their Skaugum home in Norway, now three years behind them. They haven't seen it since that early spring night when they left for Stockholm to seek refuge with their grandfather, King Gustaf of Sweden. Their own father and their other grandfather, King Haakon of Norway, were marshalling the men of Norway to fight in the woods and valleys of the fjords against the German invaders.

In the ancient palace by frozen Lake Malar where their mother had played as a little girl, they spent the months until spring. Meanwhile, in Norway, for sixty-two days their countrymen tried to stem the onslaught of the much stronger enemy.

They had visited their tall, lean grandfather before, in happier days. Stockholm, Sweden's capital, is an historic city, with the bays of the lake cutting into the streets and squares, and spanned by gray stone bridges. Even in mid-winter it looks like a carnival city, but at the time of their visit there was none of the careless gaiety of former years.

With the spring, the children and their mother made the long trip through the length of Sweden, northward to the town of Tornio. It is on the Finnish side of the border, at the north end of the Gulf of Bothnia. There they were at the gates of Lapland, that strange country of scrub birch and short, silent men, which has no particular border at all, but stretches across the top of Finland, Sweden, and Norway.

They knew by heart the Hans Andersen stories about this land, and like all Scandinavian children, they had been told that, under one of the alps of the Finnish Lapland, Santa Claus lives and has his toy-shop.

They traveled north by car, driving up the only Arctic highway in the world. Soon the forests that had hugged the sandy road and sheltered the wild deer they sometimes

#### CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

glimpsed, gave way to wind-beaten birches. And then there were no trees at all.

They saw Laplanders in five-peaked caps and colorful jerkins, caring for their herds of reindeer on the treeless fens. All day and all night the sun shone. At night it was paler in color, that was all. They knew that if they had been allowed to stay up all night, they would have seen the sun, a burnished copper ball, circle the horizon.

At the northern end of this famous road built by the Finns, there is the northernmost open-water seaport in the world, Petsamo. The waters of the Arctic Ocean sweep, steel gray, against the shores of the small settle-Whaling vessels and freighters and fishing boats are moored at the bleak quays. There are sturdy, stern Finns there, and fair, placid Swedes, and the silent Lapps.

A freighter took the royal children and their mother to England, a dangerous voyage. Ragnhild and Astrid and Harald didn't care about the danger, but their mother spent anxious hours while the ship threaded its way through perilous waters toward safety.

In England they boarded an American boat, for their father, who had escaped with the Norwegian Government when Norway's resistance failed, and his father, the King, thought the family would be safest in the United States. The lifeboat drills on the ship, the darkened lights, and the general air of suspense did not spoil the trip for the children.

In the United States, they settled happily at Pook's Hill. Sometimes they visited President Roosevelt at Hyde Park, and in the summer they went to Cape Cod. America was a friendly place and Americans were friendly people, they decided. Crown Prince Olav occasionally got away from England for a brief visit, and one time he continued on to Canada.

Hundreds of Norwegian boys had escaped. either in small fishing boats across the North Sea, or eastward across the border to Sweden, and then through Russia to Turkey, and even to India. They had come to Toronto to join the Royal Norwegian Air Force which had secured permission from the Canadian Government to train there. Crown Prince Olav wanted to inspect the new camp.

"If you are good while your mother is away in Canada with me, you may one of these days go to the Canadian Little Norway too," he told Ragnhild, Astrid, and Harald.

When their mother came back, the children kept her describing Little Norway in Toronto, and the far northern camp named Vesle Skaugum after their own home. They felt they could hardly wait to see all these Norwegian wonders so far from Norway.

And then, one day, the promise was fulfilled. Their father couldn't leave England, where he is busy with the Norwegian armed forces and the government, but their mother took them. They secured permission to miss a couple of weeks from school-and again they were on a train going northward.

The royal children of Norway had not seen many of their countrymen since they left home. Now, at the Toronto station, broadshouldered Colonel Ole Reistad, commander of the Norwegian forces in Canada, greeted them in Norwegian. Norway's military stars

(Continued on page 33)

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IT'S a day coach. And nifty! Light. Bright. Roomy. Air-conditioned. • It's smooth riding at high speeds—with wide windows to give you a sweeping view of the landscape. It has dozens of little gadgets for extra travel convenience. • Where are there coaches like this? Many were built before the war began and are now in use. Hundreds more had been planned but never built. You know the reason why. • We haven't been able to use scarce materials and manpower to build the trains we'd like to have.

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By Latrobe Carroll

BIG BOSS OF THE BIG POND

Admiral Chester William Nimitz is a man with a problem—the problem of how to beat Japan. Of course, it's a problem he shares with all other Americans old enough to think, but he is in a position to do more toward its solution than most people. As commander in chief of our Pacific fleet, his only naval superior is Admiral Ernest J. King.

Admiral Nimitz is not a man to shrink from this tremendous assignment. From childhood, he has had a habit of thinking things through. Born fifty-nine years ago in Fredericksburg, Texas, he grew into a serious little boy who sometimes surprised his elders



by his clear-headed logic. Very early, his ambitions turned toward a military career. Finally he decided that he wanted to go to West Point. While preparing for West Point at the University of Texas, he learned that there was to be a competitive examination for an appointment to Annapolis. He took the quiz, won out, and went to the Naval Academy almost at once. There he distinguished himself by both mental and physical vigor. He did well in his studies and in athletics.

After graduation he was the first in his class to receive a command—an ancient and leaky torpedo boat. One day, as he stood on her bridge, there came a sudden crisis which showed what sort of man Ensign Nimitz was. His chief engineer shouted up to him, excitedly, through the voice tube, "Say! This boat's leaking so badly, the water's coming in faster than the pumps can get it out. We're going to sink!"

"Look on page eighty-four of Barton's Engineering Manual," young Nimitz answered calmly. "It tells you what to do in a case like this."

The boat did not sink.

After that first command, Nimitz sailed in just about every type of craft in our Navy. He became an expert on Diesel engines and on submarines and, in general, an all-around authority on naval matters. No wonder that after the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, the Navy turned to Chester Nimitz. An aftermath of tragedy hung over the naval base. Admiral

Nimitz, drawing on his great reserves of endurance, began to work, day after day, with hardly any rest.

Within five months his leadership had brought order out of chaos, had repaired part of the damage done to our Pacific fleet. As the directing mind in the Battle of Midway and the Battle of the Coral Sea, he proved himself a master strategist.

Now, from his office overlooking busy Pearl Harbor, he commands the newest and greatest fleet ever built. He is boss of the biggest single area of battle operations recorded in our naval history. He and General Douglas MacArthur, who has strategic control in the south and the southwest, are a redoubtable team.

A good many people, from time to time, have called for more speed-up in our war with Japan. But the conflict has made most Americans realize, with a fresh sharpness, something they knew before—namely, that the Pacific is a very big pond. It is more than four times as large as North and South America together, and almost twenty times as big as Europe. And since we've had to reach across it to strike at the Japs, our war with them has had to be slow. Geography is on the enemy's side.

Admiral Nimitz, whose outstanding traits are thoroughness, coolness, and patience, is just the man to wage such a huge, slow-motion campaign. His favorite quotation is an old Hawaiian saying, "Hoo mana wahui." Translated, it means "Time will take care of that." Nimitz has been helping time to take care of the Japs—and, meanwhile, he never forgets what sort of foe we are fighting. A foe whose religion, Shinto, is one of the most dangerous cults on earth.

Shinto teaches the Japs that they are divine spirits led by a sort of super-spirit, the Emperor Hirohito. He is supposed to be a direct descendant of the sun goddess, Amaterasu, who very generously gave her progeny the whole earth to rule. So the humblest Nipponese soldier is, in his own mind, a god. If he surrenders to the enemy, he disgraces himself and his country. If he dies in battle, he doesn't really die. You can't kill a god.

It's not hard to understand why almost all Japs are stubborn customers, suicide fighters. To their fanaticism, add their surprisingly frugal living habits, their toughness, their blind obedience—and the sum total is formidable.

To bring such men to utter defeat will be a job. Nobody knows that better than Admiral Nimitz. But his steady confidence in final victory inspires everybody around him. RASCALS IN FEATHERS

He's impudent and he's loud-mouthed and he's thoroughly unpopular, but he's doing very well for himself just the same. Though he is called the common crow, he has most uncommon intelligence, for a bird. In fact, many naturalists maintain that he stands at or near the top of the whole avian class.

He needs all his shrewdness to survive in the struggle for existence, for his eating habits are unfortunate from a farmer's or a sportsman's point of view. He eats seeds and the tender sprouts of the young, early-summer corn. Nothing pleases him more than to peck holes in melons and tomatoes. He robs the nests of wild birds and ducks and chickens, devouring eggs and nestlings.

Farmers and hunters wage endless war against him. Guns, poison grain, even dynamite, kill great numbers of crows each year, America's crow population is increasing, nevertheless. Our Middle West is now the favorite corvine rallying ground, and flocks of hundreds of thousands sometimes darken the skies there.

Good things as well as bad may be said about crows. They help the farmer by eating quantities of grasshoppers, cutworms, weevils, grubs, and even mice.

Crows have some near-human traits. Whenever a flock is feeding on the ground, it posts a sentinel at the top of a tree to give warning of danger. The birds, vastly gregarious, like to gather in crow conventions, or "cawcuses," and talk things over. They have the possessive instinct—are hoarders of little bright objects. They carry off and hide bits of broken china, shiny pebbles, bottle caps.



pieces of glass. They've been known to steal coins, small scissors, thimbles.

A young crow makes an amusing pet, though he is as noisy and insistent as a baby in demanding his meals. He'll even talk a little in his own hoarse, indistinct way; he can learn a few words, though he's far from having a parrot's gift of gab. There's no truth in the cruel old theory that he can speak quite clearly if his tongue is slit.

All in all, from a bird's point of view, the crow is a Success.

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#### FUN FOR OUR FIGHTERS

"Movies in wartime are the second-best morale builder—second only to letters from home." That's how a widely traveled war correspondent recently described the rôle of the films sent to our men in camps and

Getting motion pictures to battle fronts all over the world is a gigantic job. Films are distributed by nineteen "exchanges" in various strategically located cities and towns. From those points they must often be redistributed through a great number of sub-exchanges. So many a celluloid reel, by the time it arrives at its destination, is a world traveler. Usually the reels make their trips by air, but sometimes they go by boat, or on the backs of mules or camels, or on sleds pulled by dogs.

The American motion picture industry donates the film programs—they're an outright gift. And our armed forces have their pick of the very latest movies. Occasionally it happens that the men at some remote base see a film before even Broadway or Hollywood gets a look at the première.

Showing the latest movies overseas is a far-



flung business, for an average of six hundred and thirty thousand men look at them each night. In fact, on a single, typical night not long ago, one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine movie shows were put on in camps dotted all around the globe.

Audiences in uniform have watched movies in a startlingly wide variety of foreign settings. A bleak, granite island in the Greenland area, an oasis in an African desert, a clearing in a tropical jungle, the crater of an extinct volcano, a South Seas beach with the Southern Cross shining overhead—those have been just a few of the surroundings for celluloid recreation.

The size of the audiences has varied greatly, too. On the same night that fifteen thousand men watched a film in an open-air New Guinea amphitheater, eleven men saw a different film in a hut at an Alaskan outpost. The celluloid reels that entertained the little group in Alaska had traveled the last stage of their journey behind a team of Eskimo sled dogs.

It's happened that bombings have interrupted movie presentations. Once a hostile plane, appearing suddenly out of a cloud, dropped its bomb-load not so very far from an audience enjoying a musical show. One bomb fell close enough to throw the projector ten feet into the air. Nobody was hurt—and the mechanically minded men in the group started at once to repair the projector. The next night, the same apparatus was putting on the same show at the same place.

The motion picture industry is finding solid satisfaction in its rôle as a builder of fighting morale. Hollywood film-makers tell us they receive hundreds of letters every month from uniformed men overseas, who say how much the movies mean to them.



## GOOD TIMES with BOOKS

By MARJORIE CINTA



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Here is a May bouquet, bright with new books for your delight.

The Beggars' Penny (Longmans, \$2.50) by Catherine Cate €oblentz, is a dramatic adventure story, based on fact, about the part played by three brave young people in saving the besieged city of Leyden, when in 1574 the stout-hearted Dutch held out for freedom against unbelievable odds. It is the story, also, of staunch Burgomaster Van der Werf, who unified the citizens of Leyden; the colorful Sea Beggars; the use of carrier pigeons; and the saving of the city through one of the great miracles of history—and it has much in common with our own times in the resistance of the Dutch to oppression.

Girls who love adventure and the sea will want to read Armstrong Sperry's Storm Canvas (Winston, \$2), the breath-taking story of a boy's experiences on the United States frigate Thunderbolt, which ran the British blockade during the War of 1812, harassed British lines of supply, fought many a hair-raising sea battle, and sank the British flagship, Lord Nelson. This is a proud tale of the young American Navy which dared, with its handful of ships, to resist the sea power of Britain.



DRAWN BY CORINNE MALVERN FOR "VAL-IANT MINSTREL" BY GLADYS MALVERN

Gladys Malvern, sister of Corinne Malvern whose illustrations are so much admired by readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL. has written two fine biographies of theatrical personages in Valiant Minstrel (Messner, \$2.50), a life of Harry Lauder, and Curtain Going Up! (Messnes, \$2.50). the story of Katharine Cornell, with a foreword by the lady herself in which she speaks of the book as accurate and sympathetic. Miss Malvern makes the legendary great actress a living, breathing woman. From the time Katharine Cornell was a lonely little girl, watching rehearsals in her father's theater, then a tall schoolgirl dominated by a single ambition-through weary rounds of job hunting, with courage to surmount failure and the long gruelling years of the "unglamourous, exhausting, dispiriting work back of success," you will feel the warmth and spirit of a great woman in this book.

Valiant Minstrel is an almost incredible

story of lowly beginnings, hardships, and back-breaking work, met with courage and laughter and ending in dazzling success. Packed with incidents related with zest and humor, it is good reading from first to last, and it gives a poignant picture of a great man who, at seventy-three, is still at work, once again cheering homesick soldiers with his genius for comedy.

Loula Grace Erdman, whose school stories have given pleasure to readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, is the author of Separate Star (Longmans, \$2.25), which describes Gail Warren's first year of teaching. In the small town of Clayton, Gail faces with courage many of the problems that beset the inexperienced teacher, proves her own ability and the value of her profession, and meets romance. You will enjoy Miss Erdman's pictures of life in a small town, and you will find it a pleasure to make the acquaintance of Gail and the young school principal, Dave Patterson. Girls who are thinking of teaching as a career will welcome this fine view of the trials and solid satisfactions of the profession.

Smarter and Smoother (Dodd, \$2), by Maureen Daly, a young author not far from her own schooldays, is an upto-the-minute etiquette book for young people. Unlike adult volumes on social usage, this book is not concerned with the question of whether to leave one of your husband's and two of your own visiting cards when paying a call—but it does give helpful hints on the everyday social problems of high-school girls and boys.

The four young Hills whom you met in Margaret Leighton's The Secret of the Old House continue to have unusual adventures in the author's new book, The Secret of the Closed Gate (Winston, \$2). Who took the milk from Bob's basket? What became of Virginia-born Miss Molly and her Spanish husband? Who was the blond baby with the Spanish gypsies, camping in the ruins of the burned-down house? In trying to answer these questions, the lively Hills found it necessary to use the secret room in the old house to solve a mystery with a foreign flavor.

Wide-awake young people who want to make the most of themselves as individuals and to develop habits that build good citizenship—and especially Girl Scouts working on the Junior Citizen badge—will be interested in Your Life in a Democracy (Lippincott, \$1.80). Howard E. Brown's book stresses personal efficiency and shows how that quality may be used to the best interest of the community. It will help you to know how Government is organized and functions, and to understand your job as a citizen and the responsibilities and privileges that are yours in a democracy.

Gladys Swarthout, mezzo soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, writes with authority in her book about a young singer, Come Soon, To-Morrow! (Dodd, \$2). Like the author, its heroine, Emmy Norton, spends her childhood in Kansas City, studies in Chicago and Europe, and finally makes her debut in Carmen at the Metropolitan. You will find the backstage scenes at the great New York opera house especially interesting.

Sandra Mitchell Stands By (Crowell, \$2), by Martha Johnson, author of Ann Bartlett: Navy Nurse and Ann Bartlett at Bataan, is the story of a girl who made an about-face to discover new values. Glamour Girl of 1943-that was how Sandra was known to the newspaper-reading public. But when her doctor-father retired to general practice in Logan's Bridge, Maine, Sandra went, too, and learned to cook and scrub and help her father with his patients. Even before the young man with whom Glamour Girl Sandra had quarreled amazingly turned up in Logan's Bridge, and before drama came to the small town in the shape of unexplained fires and mysterious housebreakings and a near-tragic train wreck. Sandra had no doubt as to the relative merits of her old and new ways of

In China's First Lady (Appleton, \$2), Helen Nicolay, author of many biographies for young people, presents the eventful life of one of the world's outstand-



A WOODCUT BY HILDA VAN STOCKUM FOR CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ'S NEW BOOK

ing women, Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The book begins with a brief sketch of Chinese history and the part played in it by Madame Chiang's family since the beginning of this century. It tells of the great lady's childhood—when, as Mei-Ling Soong, she was called by her teasing uncles "Little Lantern" because of her chubbiness—goes on to her schoolays in America, her college career at Wellesley, her return to China to become a leader in political, intellectual, and spiritual movements, her marriage to the Generalissimo, and their work together to improve conditions and re-build China. The book ends with Madame Chiang's tour of the United States.

#### REFUGEE

#### CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

friended are so trusting, that it is difficult not to yield to the temptation to keep them as pets. But that, we believed, would only be indulging ourselves. Wild creatures are made to be free. Whoever is privileged to aid them should understand that such assistance should be temporary. The real test of one's service is to prepare the wildling for its own life, so from the first we determined that we would merely serve as a refuge station during a period of need. We felt the time had now come for Fugee to return to nature, and we decided the best thing was for her to enter the Government service.

At the Bureau of Standards is a large campus. There are many tall trees, and my husband observed that in one of them a family of black squirrels and a family of gray squirrels were living. The young squirrels were about Fugee's size. So one morning our young visitor, cage and all, accompanied my

husband to work.

The cage was placed for a moment on the outer window of my husband's laboratory; then he carried it to the foot of the "squirrel tree." Up went Fugee, delighted as she always was, to climb. Up to the first hole in the tree. Out popped a black squirrel's head. Would he attack her? Would he scold her and hurt her feelings?

Fugee stopped, amazed. Then she opened her tiny mouth and scolded the black squirrel roundly. The head disappeared. Fugee

went on.

Twice during the day, my husband went back to the tree. The second time he fed the former member of our household. He left food and water at the foot of the tree every day.

Two or three days later someone called to my husband as he crossed the grounds that a squirrel was following him. He stopped, picked up Fugee, petted her and took her back to the tree. She did not seem to be

hungry.

Now the campus of the Bureau of Standards is like that of a university, both large and wide. My husband's laboratory is in a building across the campus from the "squirrel tree." It is located at the back of the building, but it is on the first floor.

Two weeks after Fugee had been liberated, she walked in at the open window of my husband's laboratory. She had not been injured in any way. Evidently she was getting along well with her own kind, but food for squirrels is scarce in the spring. She ate the peanuts he gave her greedily.

She was hungry for something else, too, for the affection she had known while with us. My husband stroked her and Fugee purred. Then he carried her back to the tree,

An hour later he took a colleague over to the tree. Fugee was still on the ground, still eating peanuts. This time my husband gave her a good rough-housing. Four feet in the air like a kitten, growling and pretending to bite, our little refugee, now well on her way to being grown, had a grand time.

But as the season advanced, Fugee outgrew her playfulness. Food was more plentiful and ber visits became more rare. She was fat and (Continued on page 37)





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#### WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN-Excellent

ANDY HARDY'S BLOND TROUBLE. This series continues on its intelligent and amusing way, yet the present film is in many respects different from those which have gone before. Andy starts to college, so we no longer see him in the atmosphere of his home town where his father's amospiere of its flotte town where its fatter position as judge made him an important, if often exasperating young citizen. At school he is just a freshman, green as they come. His blond trouble is really a generous attempt to help out twin sisters. Not wishing to be separated, they defy their father's edict that they shall go to different schools by having one twin stow away at her sister's school, Wainright College, for which Andy is bound when he meets them on the train. Of course, the only thing harder for Andy to resist than one pretty girl is two such very attractive sisters as Lee and Lyn Wilde. But surprise! Andy's real heart interest turns out to be a studious girl (Bonita Granville) who has come to college giri (bonia Granviic) win has come to concept to get an education. For keeping the story divert-ing, yet giving a not too exaggerated picture of campus life, the director deserves praise. Even the college chatter is in English, not jive. (MGM)

COVER GIRL. It takes appealing personalities to bring a lump to the throat over the familiar story of the gifted actress who almost sacrifices her love for her career, but both Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly sing and dance in most romantic fashion, and look the part, too, so you're likely to be thoroughly charmed by this musical. Rita Hayworth plays a small-time cabaret singer who wins a shortcut to fame through being chosen as a magazine cover model in a national competi-tion. But she also plays her own grandmother, and the flashbacks to the latter's stage appearances are charming. The film is in Technicolor ances are charming. The nim is in Technicolor which adds loveliness to the modern clothes worn by the various contestants, as well as to the 1890 furbelows. Gene Kelly's dancing has imagination and dramatic power as well as incredible skill. (Col.)

WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, THE. What makes this film outstanding is its lovely texture, the way episodes over a period of twenty-seven years are woven into a smooth sequence. Irene years are woven into a smooth sequence. If enemoting the house is the American girl who visits England with her father (Frank Morgan) in 1914, meets and marries Sir John Ashwood (Alan Marshal) in a haze of romance, only to see him go off to war in a few months. He is killed before their son is born, and between the wars her determination is to war the low away from British tendi. tion is to wean the boy away from British tradition so that he will not be sacrificed, as his father was, to Europe's strife. How little she succeeds, how in the end does not regret her failure, is her how in the end does not regret her failure, is her deeply moving story. Miss Dunne is more satisfactory in her characterization than in her occasional reading from Alice Duer Miller's poem from which the film was made. But the minor parts are so well played that the film is a mosaic of excellent acting. Roddy McDowall, C. Aubrey Smith, Frank Morgan, and Gladys Cooper in the control of the cont are especially good. (MGM)

#### Good

ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE. What Mark Twain said and wrote is so much more familiar to American audiences than what he was and did, that this film will prove an agree-able experience in discovering Mark Twain, the man. In fact, had his words been left between the covers of his books, the film would have had sharper entertainment value. His renowned wit has been so often quoted that you almost feel he is borrowing the jokes from someone else, when Fredric March, as Twain, tells them. adventures are something else, though in the gen-eral mold of his day you feel they couldn't have happened to anyone except the gifted, irascible Twain, with his mixture of irresponsibility and granite character. Whether or not it was so intended, great sympathy is built up for a man with such conflicts in his nature. It was typical that

his urge to make a fortune in the pioneering and rugged West was coupled with the firm intent to marry a sheltered, patrician Eastern girl (Alexis Smith) whom he had never seen, but with whose picture he had fallen in love. Later, his desire to be accepted by the more dignified and cultivated literary men of his day (Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, etc.) almost led him to renounce his native talent for homespun characterization. And when he made the mistake of trusting his own when he made the mistake of trusting his own inferior business sense in his quixotic rescue of General Ulysses S. Grant from poverty, by publishing the latter's Memoirs, he had the courage to fall back on the humorous lectures he despised, to pay off every cent of his staggering indebtedness. Although the film remains warmly biographical, it has historical significance, too, especially in making the East and the far West more aware of the Messicania and the skill our might. aware of the Mississippi and the rôle our might-iest river has played in forming our national character (Warners)

COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE. Roy Rogers's pleasantly unaffected singing, the tune-ful caroling of Dale Evans and Mary Lee, and the splendid harmonizing of Bob Nolan and The of the Pioneers provide plenty of highly listenable music for this comedy-adventure Roy never forsakes his casual way of outwitting villains, instead of manhandling them or pulling a gun, and he always contributes an ingratiating sense of humor. Mary Lee, now a gracious young woman, is a distinct asset to the film. (Rep.)

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP. The overseas trek of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye, and Mitzi Mayfair as a USO entertainment unit makes amusing story material, for the film is built around their adventures rather than their shows. In fact a great deal of other talent has been re-cruited to bolster the entertainment feature. Numbers by Betty Grable, Alice Faye, and Carmen Miranda are cleverly worked into the film by means of command radio performances back home. It was the ebullient quarter's willingness to take things as they came-mud, 5:30 A.M. breakfast, dressing in a freezing hut, doing their own laundry, helping out in a shorthanded hos-pital all day and then giving a performance on aching feet when evening came—it was this good soldiering which made them popular, and it will do the same for the film. (20th C.-Fox)

JAM SESSION. A dancer (Ann Miller) who tries her luck at secretarial work when dancing jobs are scarce, only to have her boss fired because of her incompetence, is the heroine of this light comedy. Six orchestras (Charlie Barnett, Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, Glen Gray, Jan Garber, Teddy Powell) compete for the swing fans' attention when Ann isn't around to amuse.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY. Rollicking songs and infectious good humor, added to Max-well Anderson's subtle satire on New York poli-tics in the 1650's, make this film novel screen en-Rollicking tertainment. Peg-lege Peter Stuyvesant, newly arrived Governor (Charles Coburn) channels all graft into his own pockets, dispatches trouble-maker Nelson Eddy on an important mission so that he can woo Eddy's girl (Constance Dowling) and otherwise acts very much the autocrat. The cast has a gay time (Coburn even vies with Eddy for singing honors) and the locale is a perfect comic opera setting. Nelson Eddy is in fine voice—this is one of his best films, in fact. (U. A.)

FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE-Excellent

ANDY HARDY'S BLOND TROUBLE

Good

COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE FOUR HILLS IN A JEEP JAM SESSION

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

## VIKING CHILDREN

#### CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

were on his lapels, and the battle flag of Norway flew over the spick-and-span camp by Lake Ontario where he took them. Everywhere there were slim, fair boys who talked Norwegian. Some of them were not more than sixteen or seventeen years old.

Friends of Norway in the United States and in South America had presented the air force with training planes. One windy day, Astrid and Ragnhild went with their mother and Harald to the flying field, where all the Norwegian airmen were lined up in straight blue rows, and all the new ships, their names still covered, were lined up in straight yellow rows.

The two little princesses were as thrilled as you would have been, to walk beside their mother down the lines, inspecting the men.

And then came the surprise! They were to present the planes by tearing down the paper which covered the names. Harald had to be lifted up by Colonel Reistad because he wasn't tall enough to reach, but by standing on tip-toe Astrid and Ragnhild managed without assistance.

One of the best remembered moments of the Canadian trip came when they drove up to the log camp of Vesle Skaugum, two hundred miles north of Toronto. Instead of the ordered gardens of that other Skaugum, here the untouched Ontario pine woods surrounded log barracks, and Eskimo huskies howled by the lake when the moon rose.

The road at Vesle Skaugum cut through forest that looked as though Indians might come out of it, as it dipped and curved by hills and lakes. The workmen's axes rang clear and the Norwegian battle flag fluttered against the blue Canadian sky, as they drove through the unpeeled birch gates, and a hundred eager voices shouted welcome to them in Norwegian.

They had a glorious time, the week they stayed at Vesle Skaugum. Harald was everywhere, in his blue play suit and high boots, his yellow hair tossing wildly. He was swimming in the cold lake, and wrestling with anyone who would have a pitched battle with him, and playing with the husky puppies. The girls went on hikes into the woods with their mother and carried picnic lunches to the edge of the still, lonely northern lakes.

But it was the last night of the visit that will never fade from the children's memories. First of all there was dinner in the men's mess, which is a long, light room of peeled logs. The men had rowed across the lake for colorful branches of maple and rowan tree, and with these they had decorated the room. The table was set with fruits and flowers and, after the men had filed in, the Crown Princess arrived with the children. As the dusk of evening settled over the blue lake and the woods outside, tall candles were lit and their light flickered against the log walls.

Colonel Reistad made the only after-dinner speech. He turned to the royal guests and said, "Sunshine and warmth have come into our hearts with the arrival of our royal family," and suddenly everybody's eyes were moist. The Crown Princess sat very straight, as the men cheered her until the rafters rang.

"We wondered about our future king,"
(Continued on page 35)

## Are You in the Know?



Maybe you're remembering your first Conga Line. Drums and maraccas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls still haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how confidence follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!



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- ☐ Beat the Band
- ☐ Red Skelton
- ☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at your house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. Youfound you needn't, for Kotes, stars, and while

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A GOOD IDEA

PARIS, TEXAS: I am going on my third year now as a friend of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I have enjoyed it immensely. Really this magazine is engrossing.

Yes, I'm from Texas, and because of that fact, I would like to tell the girls from other States the fruth about Texas. It seems that almost everyone who doesn't live here thinks Texas is still full of Indians, cattle-drives, and rustlers. This isn't true. Of course, in West Texas you still find a few cattle-drives and—well—maybe a rustler or two might dare to peek out in the open once in a while.

There are still hundreds of cowboys in Texas, but it isn't really as thrilling and romantic as it seems. I have a friend from Connecticut, who recently told me that when she came down here at first she was disappointed. Of course, it's all true about the rolling plains. They are beautiful, but they soon get monotonous. The Texas weather is as bad as the jokes you have probably heard about it. One day the sun will be shining—and the next day, perhaps, we will have a freeze, a rainstorm, or even snow.

I like Western books myself, and I think that if one lived quite close to the Rio Grande, one might get a pretty good taste of Western atmosphere.

Wouldn't it be nice for everyone to write in and tell about their State? I think it would be loads of fun.

I am thirteen years old, and a Freshman at Paris High School. We have a Drama Club at school; its name is the *Drama Work Shop*. We have loads of fun there, and we learn a lot, too.

Hassell Grimes

### ALL ABOARD FOR SEATTLE

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: I've taken our magazine for about five years and I've found something that appealed to me in each issue. As I grow older (I'm fourteen now, a very advanced age) the stories are more in my line because I can understand the girls in them better. At ten I wasn't so sure.

For a long time our family lived in southern Illinois, until suddenly our parents realized that we didn't know what salt water was like, or a seagull, and we couldn't remember exactly what a mountain was like, either.

So we packed up our furniture and left in our car at five o'clock in the morning, after two weeks of almost no sleep for my parents. My father taught school in the daytime, and everything had to be packed in the evenings.

We left the house we built ourselves (it took us over two years to do it) and drove to Seattle. You see, Seattle had always been our dream, since my folks moved away from there some fifteen years ago.

But now we are here, and at last we are proud Scattleites.

Nancy-Lou Gellermann

#### PLYMOUTH ROCK

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS: I am almost thirteen and I'm in the eighth grade at the Plymouth Junior High School.

I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years and I love it. The articles I like best are those about nursing, as it is my ambition to be a nurse. In school I take French and Latin. French is very interesting, but I am sorry I can't say the same for Latin.

Since I live in a historical town you can understand why I like Pilgrim stories. If you have never seen Plymouth Rock, you may be interested to know that it is quite small and three-quarters of it is under ground; also it was never painted red, as many people think. It has been moved six times.

Nancy Burgess

#### TERRIFIC

HYANNIS, NEBRASKA: I am fourteen years old and in the ninth grade at Hyannis High. There is no Girl Scout troop here, although there are Boy Scouts. I surely wish there were, for I should like to join.

I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL very much. Most of my girl friends don't take it so I pass it around. I especially enjoy Bobo Witherspoon and Dilsey. I also enjoy the articles on Cadet Nurses, Wacs, Waves, etc.

All in all, you have a terrific magazine.

Kathryn Howell

#### TO BE THANKFUL FOR

BROOKLYN, MICHIGAN: I've taken this swell magazine for nearly seven years, and this is my first letter to you. But it isn't because I haven't thought of you often.

I am sixteen and a Junior in High School. I live in lower Michigan, in a section known as the "Irish Hills" because of its resemblance to the Lakes of Killarney section of Ireland. It was named, as you can probably guess, by the Irish people who settled here.

My hobbies are swimming, hiking, reading, drawing, music, gardening, and strictly amateur photography. I would also like to ride, but the horse and I are very suspicious of one another.

In reading through some of the old issues, the other day, I came across some letters from girls in the Philippines, the East Indies, and some of the now Jap-controlled islands. Letters from those places, written before the war, make one stop and wonder what has happened to those girls. I wrote a letter to a girl over there and mailed it the day before Pearl Harbor. A few months later it came back marked "Mail Suspended" on the envelope. Occasionally I wonder where that girl is now and where she was on the day the letter came back. I don't know and probably never will, but I do know that I wouldn't have been in her place for anything in the world. I don't believe we in America can even imagine all we have to be thankful for.

Joyce Brighton

#### MANIA-HEAD-IN-THE-CLOUDS

CAMPBELLSPORT, WISCONSIN: I received my February issue of our swell magazine yesterday, and I have just finished reading "Mania-Head-in-the-Clouds," by Antoni Gronowicz. I simply had to sit down and write you about it immediately. It is impossible to express how thrilled I was by it, for it is, in my opinion, one of the best stories about this war that I have ever read.

I surely enjoy all THE AMERICAN GIRL features, especially the poetry, since my own ambition is to be a writer. The article, Flying Florence Nightingales, was the best of its kind for a long time.

I am not a Girl Scout because there is not a troop in my town—though if there were one I'd be the first to join.

Patsy Conrow

#### HARD, OR EASY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for only a short time, but I like it so much I think I should write and tell you. I am ten years old and am in troop 355 at Fitzgerald School.

The story I liked best in the January issue was "Mania-Head-in-the-Clouds," by Antoni Gronowicz. It was very thrilling.

I also liked "Girl Scouts of China in Wartime." It showed that Chinese Scouts do as many things as possible, hard or easy, to help their "Motherland."

Iudish Makinin

#### CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Reistad said, "We wondered what he would be like, and if we would like him. On the first morning here at Vesle Skaugum, he set our minds at rest-for before most of us were up, he was running over the frosty ground for a dip in the icy lake. He explained to me later that we must keep ourselves strong and healthy to be able to wage a better battle for Norway's freedom."

As the men laughed and cheered, Princess Astrid tried desperately to attract Harald's attention. She was mortified. "Harald, Harald," she said in a loud whisper, "don't sit there clapping for yourself!"

"Oh, was it for me?" Prince Harald was stunned. And then, suddenly, he went very red, but he stopped clapping his hands.

After dinner everyone gathered around the huge fire in the mess, and Harald was given permission to stay up late for the first time in his life. He sat on a low bench by the fire with his mother, leaning against her, tired with the long day's play. But his blue eyes turned eagerly to the men who sang to him, and his foot beat time to the tunes he knew.

Crown Princess Martha, her face thoughtful in the firelight, must have remembered other evenings such as this spent at the other Skaugum, far away. And as they sat there, talking of Norway and of the day when they would all be home again, the girls suddenly realized that, for a few hours, they had been almost grown up, for they had been accepted

#### VIKING CHILDREN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

in comradeship by men who would fight, even to death, to make it possible for them to return to their own land.

Perhaps even little Harald realized it, for he joined earnestly in the singing of the song

#### MRS. WILLIAM H. HOFFMAN

Friends of Girl Scouting, the country over, will mourn the passing of Mrs, William H. Hoffman of Barrington, Rhode Island, who died in Boston on April first, after a long illness. Mrs. Hoffman was national president of the Girl Scouts from 1928 to 1930; national vice-president from 1923 to 1928, and again from 1930 to 1932. Since 1932 she has been honorary vicepresident. She was chairman of The American Girl Committee from 1923

Mrs. Hoffman's interest in Scouting began in 1919, when the first Girl Scout troops were organized in Rhode Island. She became commissioner of the Barrington Council during that year, held the office of State commissioner from 1923 to 1926, and was closely identified with the movement, locally and nationally, until her death.

of Norway-that anthem that sounds like the wind in the northern woods and the water in the fjords. And his eyes were large and his back very straight when, for a good night, the

men sang to him the second verse of that song, which is sung only to the future kings of the Norsemen:

- "Harald to the throne ascended
- "By his mighty sword;
- "Haakon, Norway's rights defended
- "Helped by Oyvind's word; "From the blood of Olav sainted,
- "Christ's red cross arose;
- "From our peaks King Sverre tainted "Bishops did oppose."
- "Peasants all their axes brightened,
- "Ready for each foe;
- "Tordenskjold in battle lightened,
- 'Set the land aglow.
- "Even women did assemble
- "On the bloody plain-
- Others could but weep and tremble,
- "Yet 'twas not in vain."

And then rang out the refrain of that stormy anthem, until the beams of Canadian pine trembled. Moving and robust resounded the song sung by the small, fair prince and the thousand young men who had braved perils to fight for him and for freedom-and were ready to brave them all again. They sang:

- Yes, we love with fond devotion
- 'Norway's mountain domes,
- "Rising storm-slashed o'er the ocean,
- "With their thousand homes."

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in th

#### THE INDIAN PIPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Pamelia under her wing for the journey. Not to go even as far as the barns! Not out of Aunt's sight! What could she hope to find in ten minutes? Pamelia lowered her head and ran out of the house and down the steps blindly. There, waiting for her, was faithful Livy, and she dropped to her knees and put her arms about him. He made quiet sounds. From Pamelia, he permitted anything. Then he followed her to the gate of the kitchen garden. There had been a low mound there until last year when Uncle had plowed it over, to make a flat space for the vegetables. Pamelia looked about her. Up and down the rows between the peas, the lettuces, and the squash vines she walked, while Livy waddled along outside the fence. But she knew all that earth-she even recognized some of the bits of broken pottery, of flakes of flint. There was no treasure to be found here.

"Pamelia! Pamelia! Time to go!" It was Aunt, in her bonnet, standing at the door calling.

"Coming, Aunt!" Pamelia called back. Her heart was bursting. She had trusted in Pawnee Sam and the rattlesnake. Up to the last second she had been sure that, some-

how, she'd find the pipe for Papa. But Indian magic was a pack of foolishness. She wouldn't cry, she wouldn't! She felt the sobs wrenching at her chest, filling her throat, and stood still for a moment to force them back, kicking at the dirt in despair.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Now she'd hurt her

"Pamelia!" called Aunt again, "Come, dear!

Pamelia, tears or no tears, knew she mustn't keep Aunt waiting. She started toward the house, went nearly out of the garden-and then a voice inside her seemed to ask, "What did you hit with your toe?"

She had never looked down to see.

Calling desperately, "I'll be right there. Aunt," she turned and ran back along the row. She could see where she had scuffed the earth. There was something like a dark, earth-covered stone, but this time, when she stooped to pick it up, she felt absolutely sure of what she would find.

As she ran back to the house, she rubbed off the soil with her clean, go-away hands. It was a pipe-it wasn't broken! There it lay in her hand at last, an animal with a fish in its paw. By the sharp pointed face and the fat body and the fish held out as though in a little hand, it was a raccoon, washing its catch by the side of a stream. It was finer, far finer, than any Indian pipe she had ever

"Gracious, Pamelia, what dirty hands!" exclaimed Aunt's voice, very near.

Pamelia looked up, her face radiant. "But look what I've found for Papa!" she breathed. "Look what I've found!

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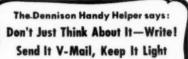
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#### R E FUGEE

sleek, a happy, healthy, independent squirrel. Because we had wanted her to become independent, my husband was pleased when, one day, he put a dish of water beneath the 'squirrel tree," and a squirrel that seemed to be Fugee came and drank, and then with a flick of her tail clambered back up the tree, paying him no further attention,

#### CONTINUED FROM PAGE

A year later Fugee would still come to the laboratory window occasionally for food. She would permit my husband to approach close to her, but she would not allow him to touch her. She had become a squirrel among squirrels and we were very proud. Such independence, we believe, should be the goal of all those who care for Nature's refugees.

## YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES

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## THE UNBROKEN HEART

is going to send me some silver bracelets made by the Indians, with turquoises in them. It is not every girl who is so lucky as to be connected by marriage with anyone like Captain G.

Poor Mr. Westover has the flu. Mother and I went by there today to take him some currant jelly and some chicken broth, et cetera, as Sallie V. cannot cook food fit for a well person to eat, much less a sick person.

He thanked us very much and was just as kind and jolly as usual, but you could tell he felt bad. Do you think he is grieving about Cousin Emmie? Oh dear, life is rather sad, isn't it?

Your loving sister,

P.S. I will tell you a dire secret. Captain G. has a wooden leg, but do not breathe it. That is why he limps and walks with a cane. Cousin Emmie told me he had to have it amputated because one of the wounds he got at San Juan Hill never did exactly heal up. So if he has a wooden leg, he wouldn't mind Cousin Emmie having a denture, do you think so? P. D.

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

The worst thing has happened. Mr. Westover has the newmonia, they think he is going to die. He is in an oxigen tent.

I told you that he had the flu. Well, he got better. And one night Mrs. Ginn sent for him to come because her little boy had been run over on his bike, and she thought he was dying (but he wasn't, he is okay now). So it was raining pitchforks and, as you know, Mr. Westover is too poor to ride in taxis. And his car is old and would not start, so he walked in the rain. Well, the next night he had a chill, and then he got out of his head so they took him to the hospital, and that is where he is now.

It makes me feel so bad because he is a good man. Really, Lucy Ellen, he is something like Santa Claus and something like Saint Francis. (He was a saint who lived long ago and was very kind to animals and birds especially.) Mr. Westover loves birds. He has built little bird houses and put them in the trees around the parsonage, and the birds are thick around there. He made them a bird bath out of cement in his back yard.. He can tell you the name of every bird he sees, and all about it. So if he dies, he will go to heaven, I am sure, and that is a good thought.

I think Cousin Emmie is very worried about him. She goes by the hospital every day, also sends flowers. But he is too sick to know that. She doesn't say much about Captain G. You don't think she would back out, do you, at this late date? I am slitely worried for fear she might.

Your loving sister,

P. D.

#### DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

The fat is in the fire, as Aunt Susan says, and if Cousin Emmie never gets married, it is all my fault. Because yesterday morning I CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

was at Cousin Emmie's, and she was feeling bad and she lay down on the living room divan, without her denture. It was in the bathroom upstairs (but I didn't know where it was at the time.) Although it looks lovely, it hurts her mouth very much. I think she should bear the pain bravely, because she looks awfully queer without it, as you can well imagine. I would not be seen dead without a denture, if I were a woman.

Well, I was answering the telephone in the hall and I guess Cousin Emmie was asleep. Anyway, a man knocked at the door and I thought it was the dry cleaner because he was supposed to come and get some blankets. So I said, "Come in!"-and in came Captain G. Well, then, I hung up the phone quickly, because there is not any way to get out of that living room without coming through the hall. The door was open, so he could see that Cousin Emmie was in there. He said, "Shall I go in? I want to speak to Emily." (He never calls her Emmie.)

Well, I was desparate, so I said, "Don't go in there, blease!"

He looked at me queerly and said, "Is anything wrong?" I said, "Cousin Emmie cannot see any company. She is unconscious." Because what else could I say?

Well, then he shouted, "My stars! We must get a doctor!" And with that he brushed by me and went in there. And Cousin Emmie sat up and saw him, and then she put her hand over her mouth and said, "Excuse me a moment, Captain." And with that she got up and left the room and got the denture and came back. But all in vain. Because he had seen her first.

I was so imbarassed, I went upstairs and stayed there. Because he will never again believe anything I say-though in a way it was true, because people who are asleep are unconscious. I guess I should have just said she was asleep, then he might have gone away. Oh dear, I do make many mistakes!

After a while, I heard him go. I went downstairs to tell Cousin Emmie I was sorry. She was standing at the window with her back to me, and I thought she was sobbing because her shoulders were shaking. So I said, "Cousin Emmie, I'm sorry."

Well, then she turned around and she was not crying-she was laughing! I can't see anything funny about it. But she does not seem in the least worried and I can't see why, because she will never have a chance again to marry anybody else who is so rich and handsome. And also a captain (retired). I told Mother about it, and she laughed, too. Nobody but me seems the least worried. What do you think? Do you think he will go back to South America to Forget All

> Your sister in suspence, P. Downing

P. S. Mr. Westover is still alive, but barely, A friend of his is here to see about him. He is a bishop. He came to dinner with us Sunday. He told Mother that Mr. Westover was (Continued on page 42)



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the bridge at the foot of this hill. Ticklish, landin' on them planks with the roads still slickery from this two-day storm, but reckon I'll make it. Hang on tight-here we go!'

He bent to the wheel, jaw set, and I held my breath as the rickety old car dropped down a steep incline. Planks rattled under the wheels. "Close shave that time," my pilot observed and drove briskly on-but not before I had glimpsed the bare branches of trees and the deep gash of a ravine in the glare of the old car's headlights.

A sudden swerve, and we turned into a driveway, black under close-set trees. "Here we be," Jay said, and there was the shadowy bulk of the faintly remembered old stone Two long, dimly lighted windows house. brooded like sad eyes in its dark, cold face.

The big Colonial entrance door swung outward, and a bright fan of lamplight spread across the wet gravel of the drive. A woman's figure was silhouetted against its glow. 'Martha?" she called.

"Here I am at last, Cousin Elly," I answered, surrendering my suitcase to the brawny grasp of a tall farmhand who splashed over to the car.

Well, my dear! Come in and let me look at you.'

In the square hall we faced each other, my mother's cousin and I. Elly was now a middle-aged woman, but her pretty, gentle face was unlined, and her soft brown hair untouched by time. I, I suppose, must have looked quite a different person from the chubby, yellow-haired child who had last stood under that tinkling, many-prismed

'Ten years!" Elly said, and put her arms around my neck and kissed me. "I hope you don't mind my doing that," she added, flush-

Mind? No, I'm glad you wanted to. You make me think of Mother. We had such fun here. Remember?"

"Indeed I do," Elly said. "But we can talk in the morning. You must be dead tired after that awful trip. Larsen has taken your bag up to the northwest bedroom-the one Sue always liked. But you mustn't go to bed without a bite of supper. I have creamed chicken and biscuits in the warming oven.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

I'll have them right on the table in a jiffy." She bustled away to the kitchen, and I looked about me, sniffing the clean "country" smell of the house appreciatively. I had forgotten how huge these rooms were, the twin front parlors with their landscape paper and their glossy rosewood furniture. Fires were glowing in the parlors and in the long dining room. How familiar it seemed, that aromatic scent of woodsmoke and dried rose leaves! I remembered burying my nose in those jars of pot-pourri.

I enjoyed my supper immensely, although my eyes felt heavy. "I'll take you right upstairs as soon as you've finished," Elly smiled. "Father was determined he'd stay awake long enough to see Sue's little Goldenhair. Remember, he used to call you that? But he fell asleep, thank goodness!"

'I am awfully sleepy," I admitted, my very bones yearning for the softness of the featherbed upstairs. "It will be grand to see Uncle Simm in the morning."

Elly patted my shoulder fondly. "You look more like Ken's folks than our side of the family. What a shame he couldn't come with you! But we're all so proud of his success. Listen to me, still talking! Upstairs with you!"

The elegance of the lower rooms had not extended to the upper floor, I noticed drowsily. The old maple bed and bureau in my room were scarred and worn, the rugs scantily covering the wide floor-boards were made from a threadbare Brussels carpet. But the flowered wallpaper was bright and cheerful, and everything, even to the small stuffed owl and the two melancholy china dogs on the mantelshelf, was spotlessly clean. "I remember you," I told the owl as I blew out the lamp and scrambled into bed.

It was deliciously soft and comfortable, and I was, as Elly had said, dead tired. But it was some time before I fell asleep,

A picture wavered before me in the darkness. The picture of an evil face with glaring yellow eyes and jagged teeth. A man's face, but very like an old fox. And it was an old fox's trail, Terence McGovern had said, that led to that dark ravine known as Judge's Hollow, which I had glimpsed for a second, briefly illumined by the lights of Jay's car. (To be continued)



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## YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

- 12. Do you keep your own clothes mended and pressed, instead of letting your mother do it? Yes..., No
- 13. When you have a group of friends at your home, do you see that any disorder they may leave is straightened out-personally, by you? Yes. ... No
- Are you proud of your home, and do you like to bring your friends into it, to meet your family? Yes. ... No
- Can you talk plans and ambitions over freely with your mother and father? Yes.... No
- 16. Do you refrain from teasing for luxuries -trips, visits, clothes-which your parents say they cannot afford? Yes. ... No
- 17. Are you as polite and hospitable to your mother's friends as to your own? Yes. . . . No

- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16
- 18. Do you keep your chin up and look pleasant when you cannot have your own way about some plan that matters a lot to you? Yes.... No
- 19. Are you thoughtful about trying to help your mother at home, even when special duties have not been assigned you? Yes. . . No
- 20. Do you occasionally-and voluntarilyspend an evening at home trying to be as interesting to your family as you would like to be to your own young crowd? Yes. . . . No

Note: If your first quiz results aren't all you'd like, put them away and ask them all over again in three months' time,



#### Okay

FATHER: Well, Willie, what did you learn in school today?

WILLIE (proudly): I learned to say "Yes, sir" and "No, ma'am."

FATHER: You did? WILLIE: Yeah.—
Sent by PHYLLIS HEIL. No address given.

#### Elusive

JOHNNY: Say, Pop. I can't get these arithmetic examples. Miss Greene said something about finding the greatest common divisor.

POP (in disgust): Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were

hunting for it when I was a boy.—Sent by GENE TWITCHELL, Hamden, Connecticut.

#### No Lack of Opportunity

"Your references are good. I'll try you," said the farmer to a lad who applied for a job in the poultry yard.

"Is there any chance to rise, sir?" the boy asked.

"Yes," said the farmer, "a grand chance. You'll rise at four o'clock every morning."— Sent by ESTHER SMITH, Stewartsville, Missouri.

#### Just His Luck



ROOKIE: Do they have hot water in the barracks?

SOLDIER (sadly): Yes, and I'm in it most of the time.—Sent by HELEN PLOWMAN, Anthony, New Mexico.

## The Prize-Winning Joke

Of All Things!



Two pigeons, residents of New York's public library ledges, were sitting discussing this and that, one sunny day, when a strange pigeon alighted and minced toward them.

"Get a load of that," exclaimed one of the library birds. "That new pigeon is people-toed." — Sent by MARTHA BERRY, Whitestone, N. Y.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

#### Suggestion

FLORA: Did that patent medicine you bought cure your aunt?

NORA: Mercy, no! When she read the circular that was wrapped around the bottle she got two more diseases.—Sent by JOANE F. POL-LOCK, Rock Falls, Illinois.

#### Who Is It?

It's not my brother, it's not my sister, yet it's a child of my mother—who is it?

It's me.—Sent by AUDREY GASCHE, Long Hill, Connecticut.

#### Consideration



The organ grinder and his monkey had stopped before a little boy and his mother. "Mama," cried the little boy, "that monkey looks like Uncle Dan!"

"Sb, Freddie," admonished his mother.
"You mustn't say such things."

"Why, Mama?" asked Freddie. "The monkey doesn't understand us, does he?"—
Sent by ANNE REUTLINGER, Wankegan, Illinois.

#### Immune

The father of a high-school student was shaking hands with the mathematics teacher. He said cordially, "I'm delighted to meet you. Jack has mentioned you frequently. You know he took algebra from you last term."

"Pardon me," replied the teacher. "Jack was exposed to algebra, but he didn't take it."

—Sent by JOANN BENTON, Opp, Alabama.



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## THE UNBROKEN HEART

a chaplain in the last war, and that he got the D.S.C. (which is the Distingished Service Cross) and also the Croy de Guair for bravery. Because he went out to No Man's Land and rescued some French and British soldiers who were wounded. And he got wounded and was in a hospital thirteen months. So I guess he is as brave as a soldier, and maybe braver because nobody made him do it. And he has never mentioned it, or shown us his medals. He is not like Captain G. about bragging.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

I am very low in mind, because Captain G. is gone. Forever, I guess. Also he took his diamond ring. I know it was on account of seeing Cousin Emmie without the denture, but Mother says it wasn't. She said it was because he and Cousin Emmie realized that it would be a mistake to get married at their age.

So I guess now I will never see South America, or ride in a plane, or get any silver bracelets made by Aztec Indians. Life is very disapointing, don't you think so?

Your loving sister, P. D.

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Mr. Westover is better. He is coming home from the hospital. Mother and Cousin Emmie and I went to the parsonage today to get it ready for him. It was in a state, as Cousin Emmie said, because Sallie V. is very sloppy. But now it looks nice. We did all the rugs with the vacuem cleaner, also washed windows and woodwork and burned trash, et cetera. We fixed his room with flowers and books people sent him, and a new bedspread. Also a bed tray that the Boy Scouts made for him, so that he can eat in bed and still be comfortable.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

I will be glad to see him. I have missed him. He used to help me with my Spanish lessons as he can speak it fluintly. I nearly failed the last test, on account of him being sick. So if Cousin Emmie wants to marry him, and he is willing, I will try to be contented with my lot, as they say.

Your loving sister, Pat Downing

DEAR LUCY ELLEN:

Guess what? They are going to get married! The bishop is going to perform the ceremony. And I am going to be in it. I am going to be the only attendant! Can you believe it? The wedding is going to be in a month. Miss Isabel is going to make my dress by a simply darling pattern. It is brown velveteen, just gorgious. I wish millions of people were going to see me, but only the family is coming. But there are fifty of

Cousin Emmie is going to wear a gray crêpe dress and a gray fur hat. It cost twentyfour dollars plus tax, so you can imagine that it is a yummy hat. She has a fur jacket to

Captain G. sent me the bracelets today. They are darling. I will wear them to the wedding. You don't think he would mind, do you? I hope he will marry someone young and beautiful, who does not wear a denture, and live happy ever after.

It is all so exciting, I wish you were here. Can you posibly come for the wedding?

Your loving sister, Patricia Downing

P. S. I am still going to write my book about Cousin Emmie, but I am going to name it "The Unbroken Heart." Don't you think that will be better? P.D.

### AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES-Frank Duveneck, 1848-1919



THE big man with shaggy gray hair and keen blue eyes—hawk eyes, he called them—patted the boy at the easel on the shoulder. "That's it," he boomed in his hearty voice. "You've got it now!" The boy turned with a look almost of adoration on his face. "I don't with a look almost of adoration on his face.

know how you do it, sir," he said. "I'm all tied in knots over a problem, and you come along and talk to me for a minute and the whole thing becomes clear and simple." The big man, Frank Duveneck, called by Sargent the greatest master of the brush of his generation, was an extraordinarily gifted teacher. He had the faculty of awakening the imagination and kindling the enthusiasm of his pupils so that they were eager to work as hard as he did

Duveneck was born, in 1848, in Covington, Kentucky—when Cincinnati, just across the river, had not yet dreamed of an art school. But the Benedictine Friars made church altars in Coving-ton and young Duveneck haunted their workshops. He painted, modeled, carved, decorated, reveling in every task assigned him. When he was eighteen, he became assistant to a German-trained painter named Lamprecht, and traveled about the country decorating churches even as far away as Canada. He himself regarded this period as important in his development, for he was obtaining the sort of training in mixing colors and modeling that young apprentices received from the early Italian masters.

His twenty-second birthday found him in Munich studying at

the Royal Academy, taking most of the prizes and astounding everyone with his progress. At that time yearly competitions were held, and the painter whose roughly sketched composition won the prize was given expenses for models and the use of a studio in which to finish his painting. When Duveneck was twenty-four, he won this prize and, establishing himself in his studio, never returned to the Academy art classes. To this period belongs Whistling Boy, a bold, realistic portrait, hailed by painters for the consummate skill of the brush work. This, together with the artist's entire collection, was later presented to the Cincinnati museum.

The next year cholera broke out in Munich and Frank Duveneck returned to Cincinnati, where his Munich portraits-which had little in common with the smooth, story-telling pictures so popular at that time-were pronounced crude and unfinished. Discouraged by this reception, the artist was completely unprepared for the sensation created by his one-man show (at which every single picture was sold) in Boston, the following year. In spite of the furor caused in America by the vitality and naturalness of his work, he went back to Munich that same year.

In 1886 Duveneck married Elizabeth Boott, an American painter, pupil of William Morris Hunt. Two years later she died, and for her grave he designed a beautiful memorial bronze which won a prize at the Paris exposition. Shortly afterwards, he returned to Cincinnati and, for the rest of his life, devoted the greater part of his time to teaching.-M. C.

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  34. Nothing dulier than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
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